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# CAPTIVE MEMORIES

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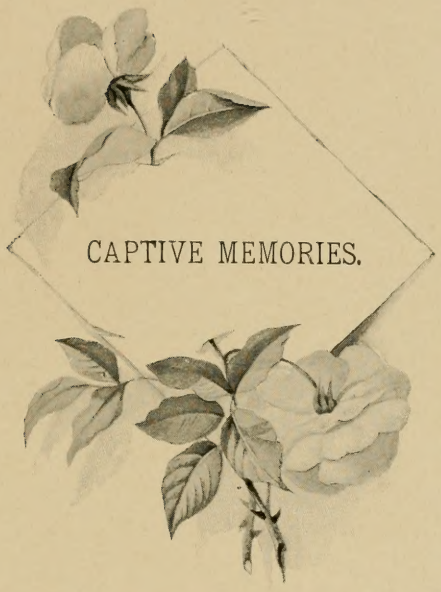
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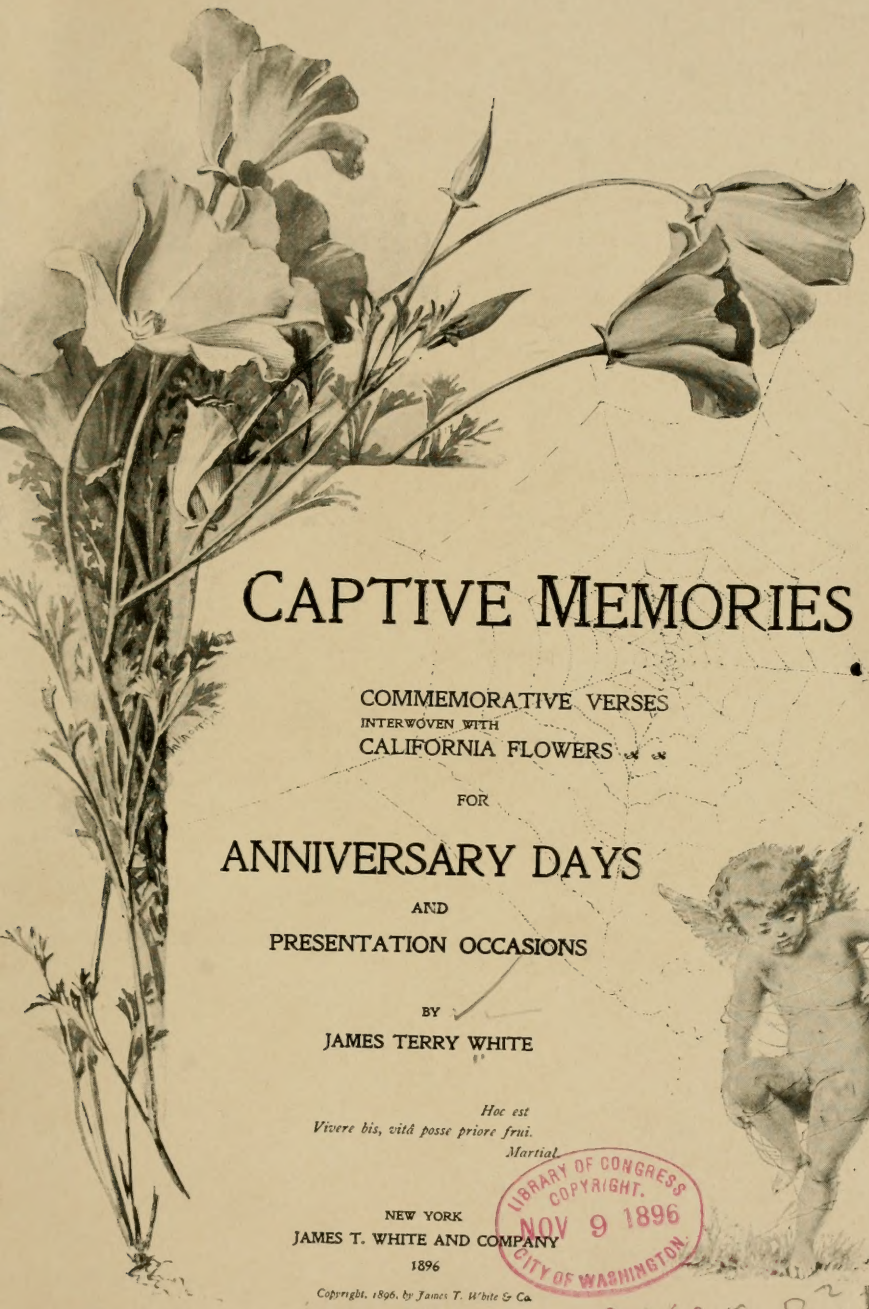

# CAPTIVE MEMORIES

COMMEMORATIVE VERSES
INTERWOVEN WITH
CALIFORNIA FLOWERS

FOR

## ANNIVERSARY DAYS

AND

PRESENTATION OCCASIONS

BY

JAMES TERRY WHITE

*Hoc est*
*Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.*
*Martial.*

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# DEDICATION.

*"Each heart recalled a different name,*
*But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"*

*ANOTHER leaf in life's mysterious Book*
*To-day is turned. O friend beloved, I leave*
*With you these humble flowers to mark the page,*
*If haply they may give a perfume to*
*The place which shall make fragrant all its leaves.*

*EVERY heart has its anniversary days. It keeps some of them in the company of its friends, but many of them it keeps in its secret chamber alone,—save perhaps for the companionship of tears. But tears are the handmaidens of Joy as well as of Sorrow, and are often delightful companions. It is these anniversary days that are here commemorated.*

*The fragrance of these floral tributes may haply serve to awaken other memories—phantoms of bygone days, ghosts of, it may be*

> *"A faded flower, a golden tress,*
> *A smile, a blush, a timid 'Yes'"—*

*which will bring delight to careworn and overburdened hearts. These fragrant memories are Nature's lullabies, with which she smooths her children's restless pillows, and sends them smiling to their final sleep. But they take flight at the noise and bustle of this work-a-day world, and are reluctant to return, for all the heart's enticement.*

*It is the purpose of this little volume to prepare for these heart memories an abiding place, to which it may charm them back, and, perchance, betray them to captivity.*

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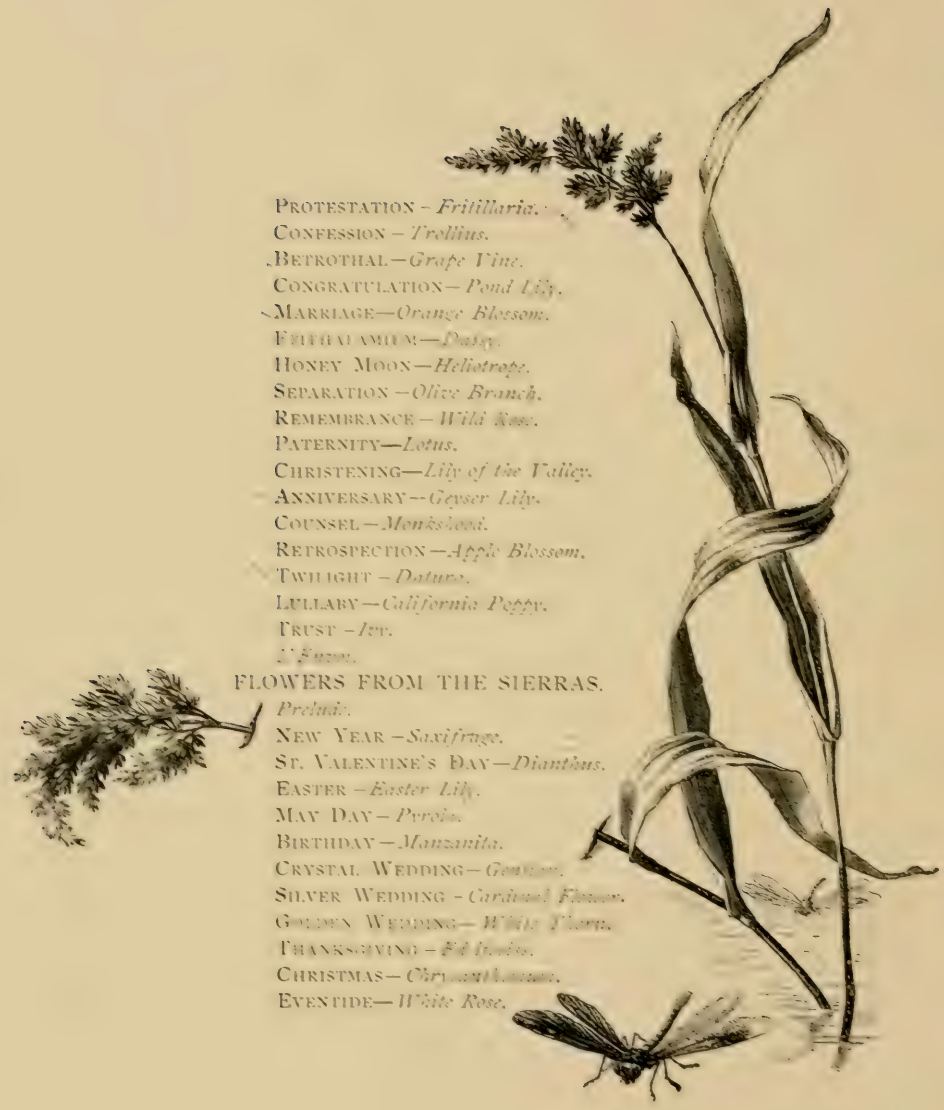

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W. V. CAHILL.

# FLOWERS FROM ARCADY.

*THESE flowers grow by every wayside, but are overlooked by many, and by some are mistaken for weeds. But whether called weeds or flowers, they illustrate the various aspects and phases of affection which blossom in every life, and which, if properly nurtured, will make more habitable the chambers of memory.*

## PRELUDE.

ROUNDEL

*TO Arcady hast never been?*
*Then let me give the mystic key,*
*The password that shall take thee in*
*To Arcady.*

*LOVE,—Love that worketh charity;*
*That holdeth all mankind as kin;*
*That beareth human sympathy.*

*Love is the only door therein;*
*And Love, the "open sesame,"*
*Whereby thou may'st an entrance win*
*To Arcady.*

## ADMIRATION.

*"Sweetest eyes were ever seen,'*
*is the refrain of a sonnet by*
*Camöens to his sweetheart.*

ROUNDEL.

"SWEETEST eyes were ever seen."
Could the Poet e'er devise
Daintier praise than gave Catrine
Sweetest eyes?

And which are the sweetest eyes?
Soft and melting, lustrous, keen,
Merry,—or demure and wise?

Eyes that shine with light serene,
Mirrored from Love's happy skies—
Like thine own, dear—are, I ween,
Sweetest eyes.

## ENCHANTMENT.

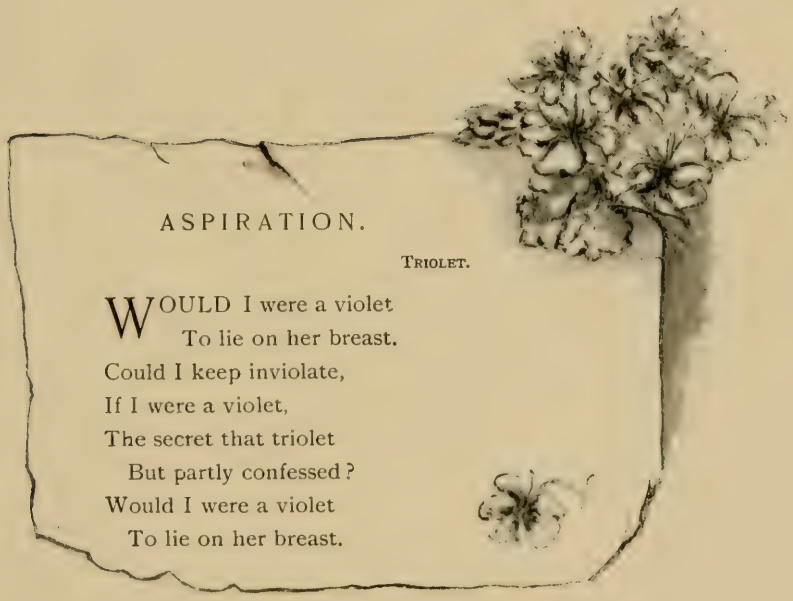
TRIOLET.

THE touch of her dear hand,
So sweet and tender.
Ah! how can I withstand
The touch of her dear hand?
Nor can I understand
What charm doth render
The touch of her dear hand
So sweet and tender.

## ENTANGLEMENT.

*After Herrick.*

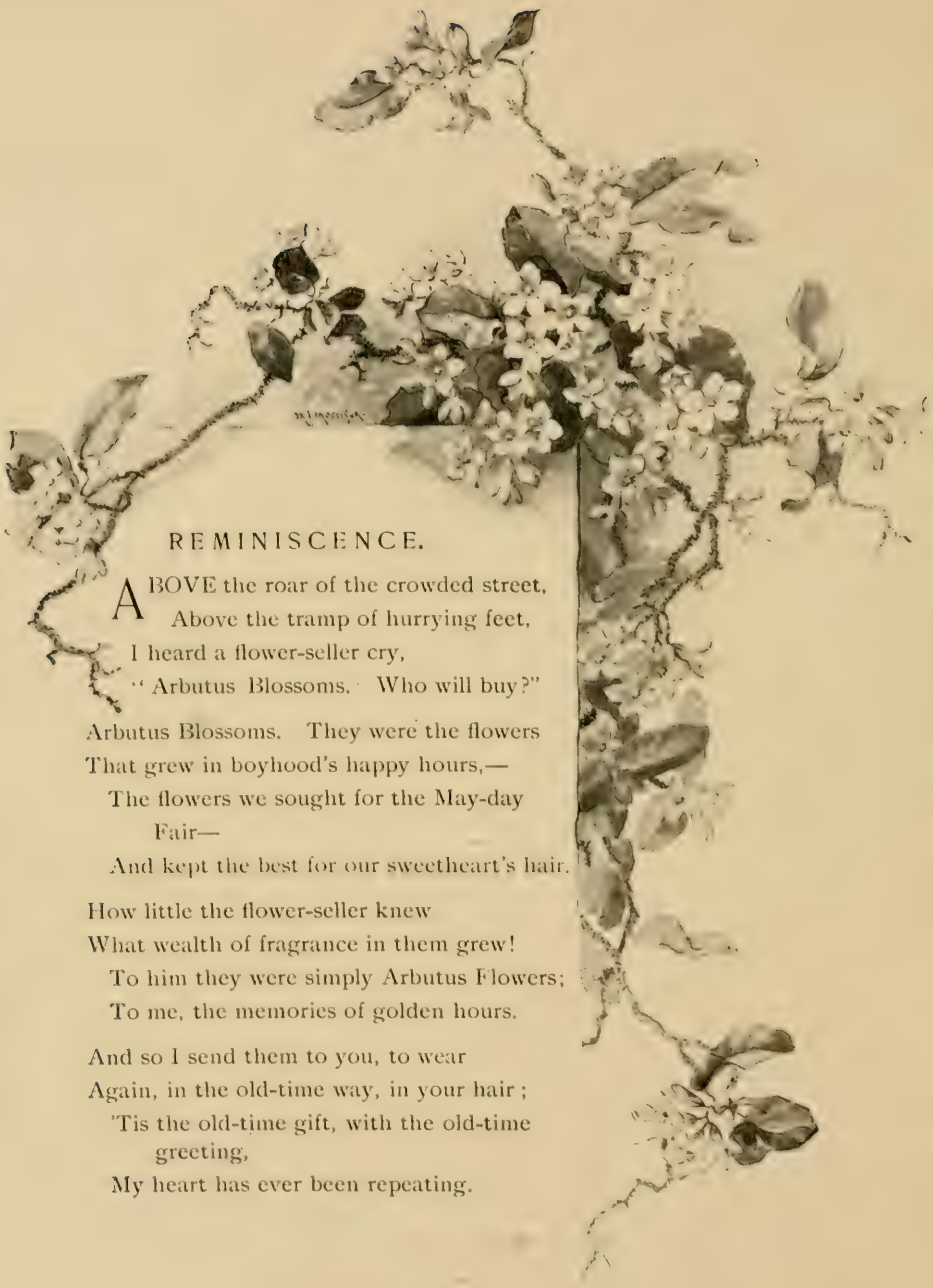
O BEE-KISSED Columbine,
Tell this sweet friend of mine
That she,
Like thee,
Hath ruby lip
Where I would sip,
Like wanton bee.
And too, like thee,
She bends her lily head,
And smiles, but ties
My heart with subtle thread,
Drawn from her eyes.
She prisons me,
But then, ah me !
Her durance takes from me
All wish for liberty.
Her sweet bond blesses me,
Her smile caresses me,
And in her gentle heart I lie
At rest,
Caressed
By Love's delicious lullaby.



## ASPIRATION.

TRIOLET.

WOULD I were a violet
To lie on her breast.
Could I keep inviolate,
If I were a violet,
The secret that triolet
But partly confessed?
Would I were a violet
To lie on her breast.



## REMINISCENCE.

ABOVE the roar of the crowded street,
Above the tramp of hurrying feet,
I heard a flower-seller cry,
"Arbutus Blossoms. Who will buy?"

Arbutus Blossoms. They were the flowers
That grew in boyhood's happy hours,—
The flowers we sought for the May-day
Fair—
And kept the best for our sweetheart's hair.

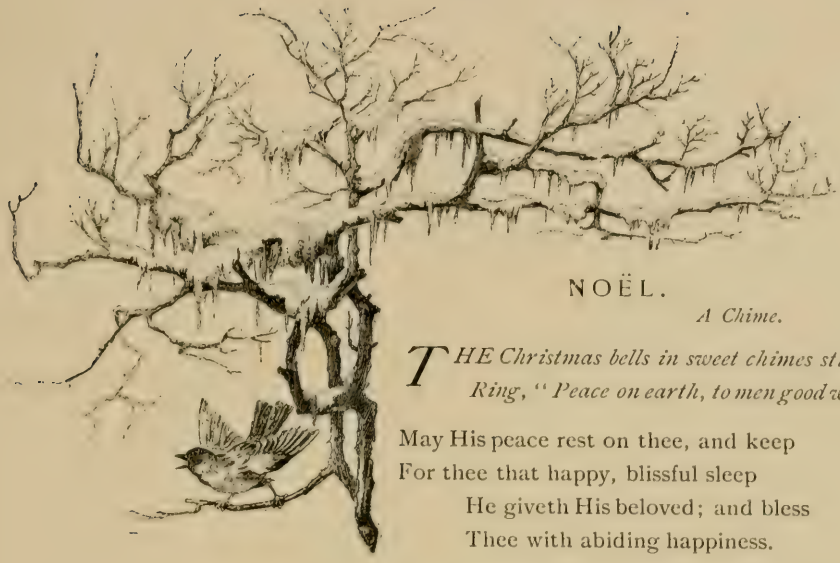
How little the flower-seller knew
What wealth of fragrance in them grew!
To him they were simply Arbutus Flowers;
To me, the memories of golden hours.

And so I send them to you, to wear
Again, in the old-time way, in your hair;
'Tis the old-time gift, with the old-time
greeting,
My heart has ever been repeating.

## DELIGHT.

SIMPLY a touch of the hand,
One little word;
Sunshine spread over the land;
Then sang a bird.

Sunshine may give place to rain,
Hope be deferred;
But through the heart's loss and pain,
Still sings the bird.



## NOËL.

*A Chime.*

*THE Christmas bells in sweet chimes still*
*Ring, "Peace on earth, to men good-will."*

May His peace rest on thee, and keep
For thee that happy, blissful sleep
He giveth His beloved; and bless
Thee with abiding happiness.

*The Christmas bells ring sweet and clear*
*The loving thoughts of all the year.*

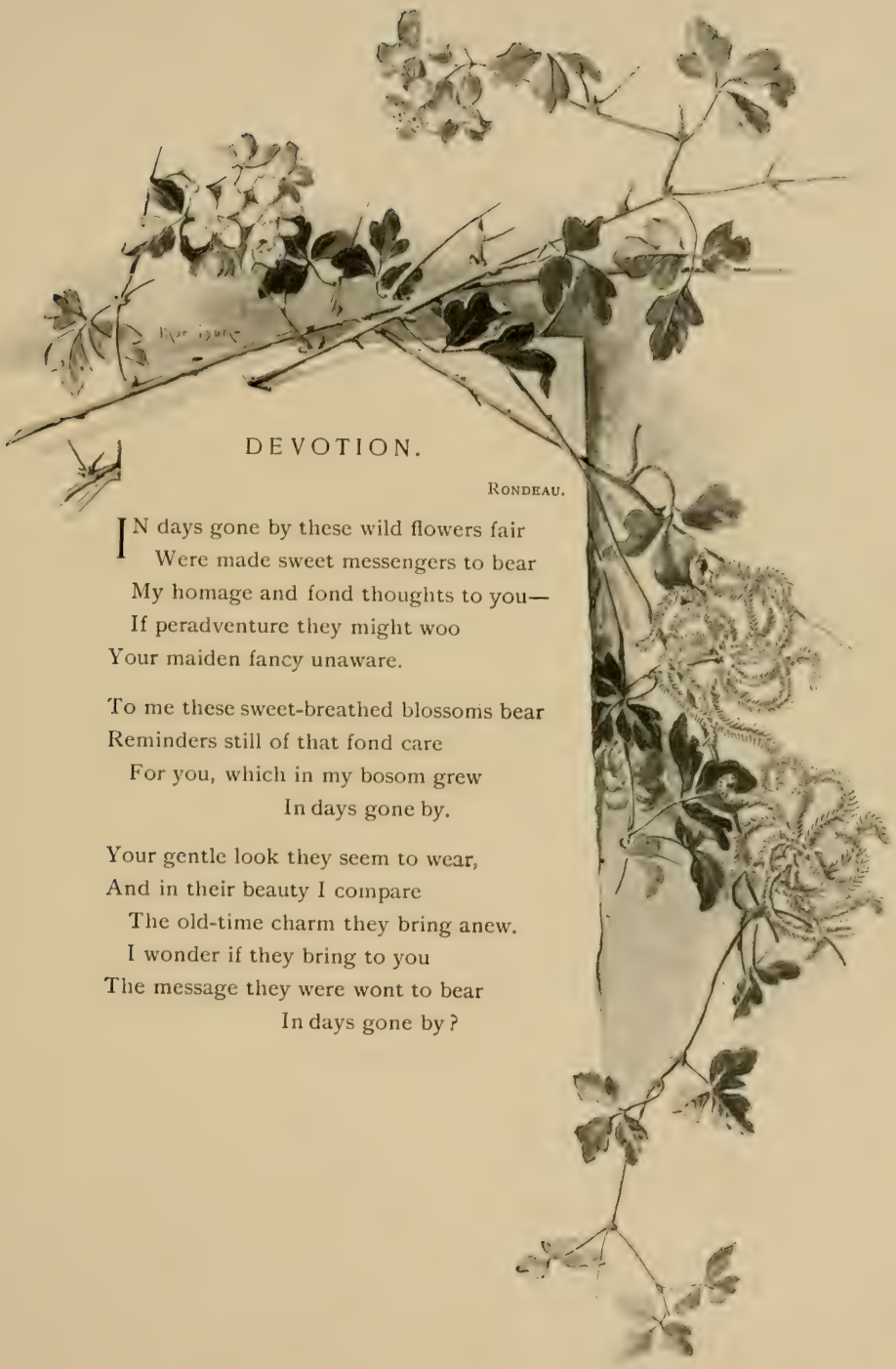
Dear friend, at "Merrie Christmas" time,
This wish for thee comes with the chime
Of Christmas bells, which bring to me
Such sweet remembrances of thee.

*Ring out, ring out, O happy bells,*
*The circling love Christ's birth foretells!*

And waft to her the chimes that well
From every belfry tower, and tell
Her how my heart with love now swells,
To hear again these Christmas bells.

*Ring out, sweet bells, the Peace that dwells*
*Above, and love in us compels!*

Tell her my thoughts can ne'er abide
Apart from her at Christmas tide;
But, like the Love the season tells,
Enfold her heart, sweet Christmas bells!



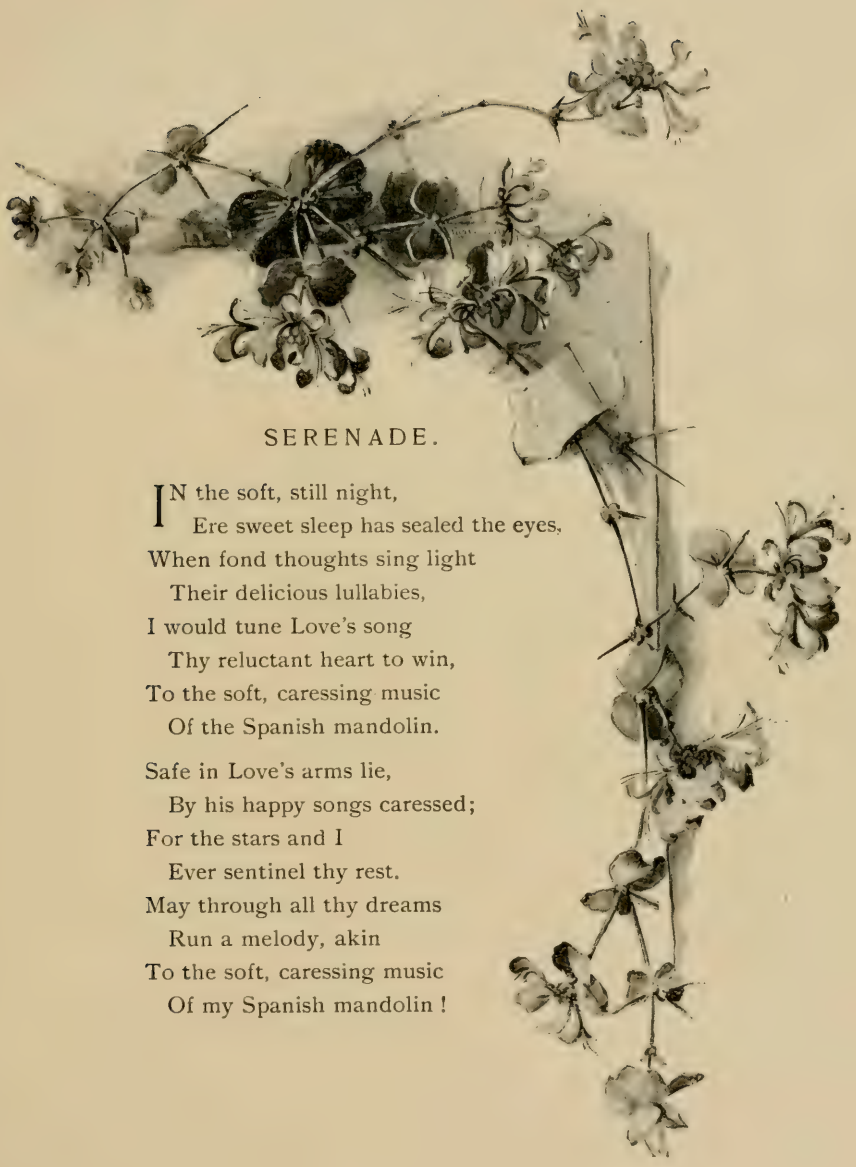
## DEVOTION.

RONDEAU.

IN days gone by these wild flowers fair
Were made sweet messengers to bear
My homage and fond thoughts to you—
If peradventure they might woo
Your maiden fancy unaware.

To me these sweet-breathed blossoms bear
Reminders still of that fond care
For you, which in my bosom grew
In days gone by.

Your gentle look they seem to wear,
And in their beauty I compare
The old-time charm they bring anew.
I wonder if they bring to you
The message they were wont to bear
In days gone by?



## SERENADE.

IN the soft, still night,
Ere sweet sleep has sealed the eyes,
When fond thoughts sing light
Their delicious lullabies,
I would tune Love's song
Thy reluctant heart to win,
To the soft, caressing music
Of the Spanish mandolin.

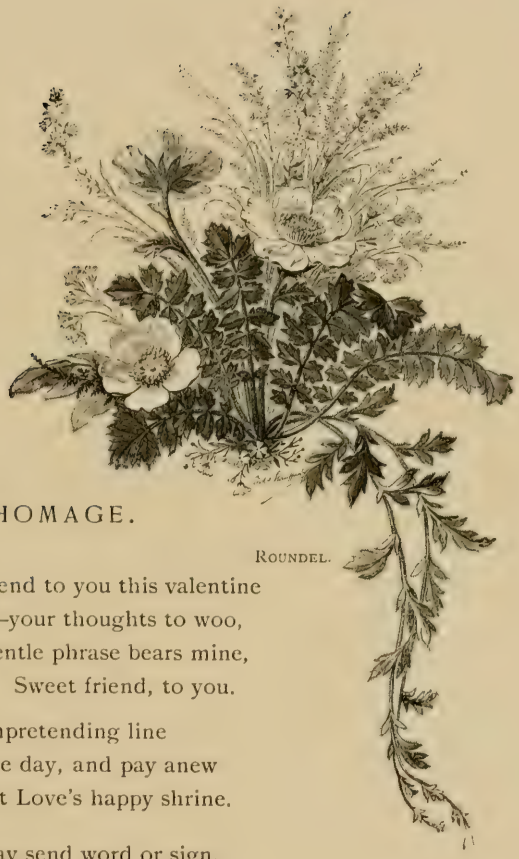
Safe in Love's arms lie,
By his happy songs caressed;
For the stars and I
Ever sentinel thy rest.
May through all thy dreams
Run a melody, akin
To the soft, caressing music
Of my Spanish mandolin!

## COMPANIONSHIP.

The Carnival is past.
The grand procession of illustrious knights
And stately dames, and all that dazzling throng,
In mimic dress and motley garb, are gone.
But in my heart a silent, yet more gay
Procession still keeps trooping by—of sweet
And happy mem'ries—lighted by the glow,
And gracious charm of your entrancing smile,
And keeping step to the soft melody
Of your remembered words. These memories,
Dear heart, are thoughts of you, which fill my soul
With an intenser joy than all that rare
And brilliant scene, and make my daily life
One Carnival.

## CONGENIALITY.

WHEN hearts so near each other sail
Each sees the other's signal light,
Must they miss one another's hail,
Like ships that pass i'the night?



## HOMAGE.

ROUNDEL.

SWEET friend to you this valentine
I send,—your thoughts to woo,
While it in gentle phrase bears mine,
Sweet friend, to you.

'Tis but an unpretending line
To mark the day, and pay anew
My homage at Love's happy shrine.

But why to-day send word or sign,
When every day and moment too,
My heart sends loving valentine,
Sweet friend, to you.

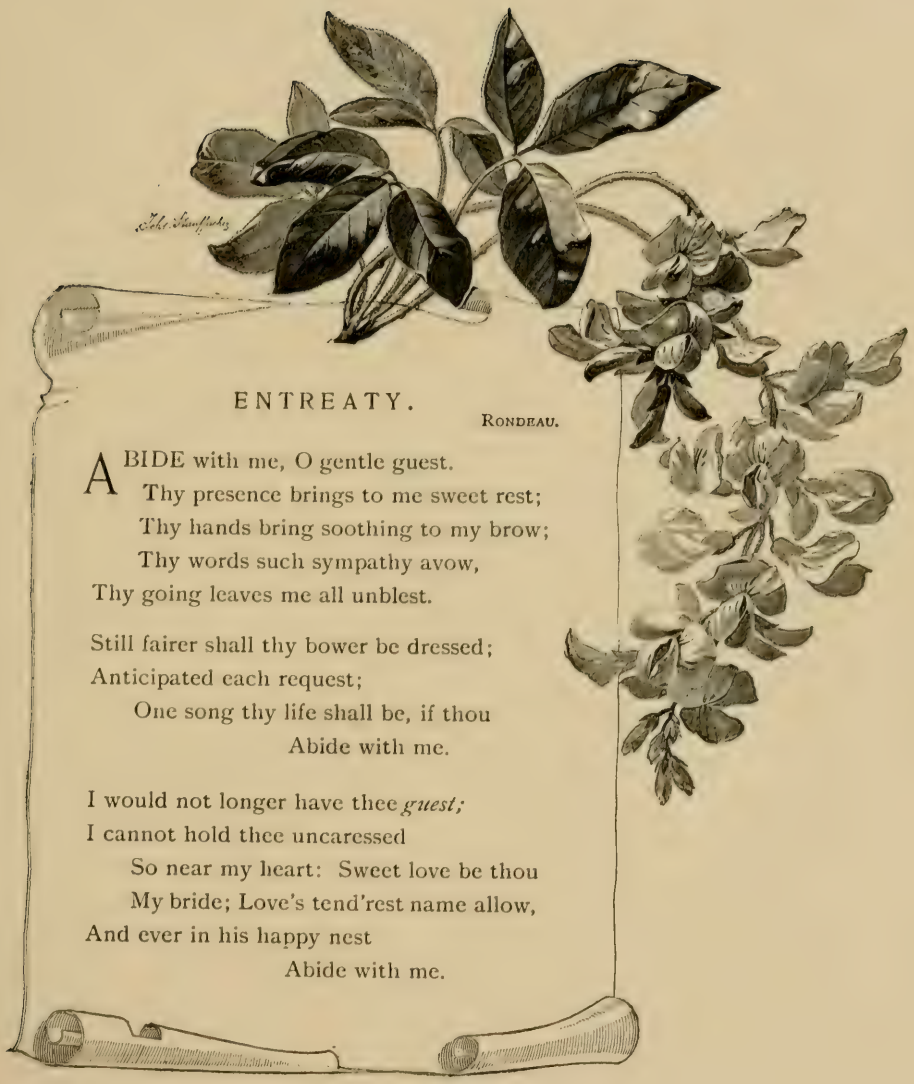
## BESTOWAL.

RONDEAU.

SUCH as I have give I to thee;
No stately epic fit to be
Sung for the world's approving ear;
No lullaby, to charm a tear
From wistful eyes that watch for me.

Simply a thought—but sent to thee
In daily benedicite—
That old-time thought—the best of, dear,
Such as I have.

But couldst thou know how tenderly
This constant thought enfoldeth thee,
The lengthening years would bring no fear,
However far, I would seem near,
And might, perchance, bring thoughts to thee
Such as I have.



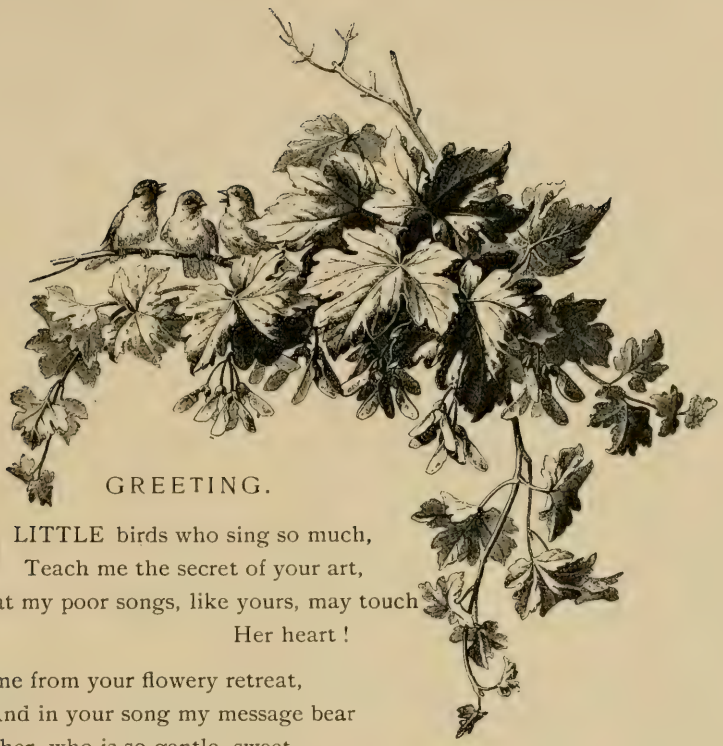
## ENTREATY.

RONDEAU.

ABIDE with me, O gentle guest.
Thy presence brings to me sweet rest;
Thy hands bring soothing to my brow;
Thy words such sympathy avow,
Thy going leaves me all unblest.

Still fairer shall thy bower be dressed;
Anticipated each request;
One song thy life shall be, if thou
Abide with me.

I would not longer have thee *guest;*
I cannot hold thee uncaressed
So near my heart: Sweet love be thou
My bride; Love's tend'rest name allow,
And ever in his happy nest
Abide with me.



## GREETING.

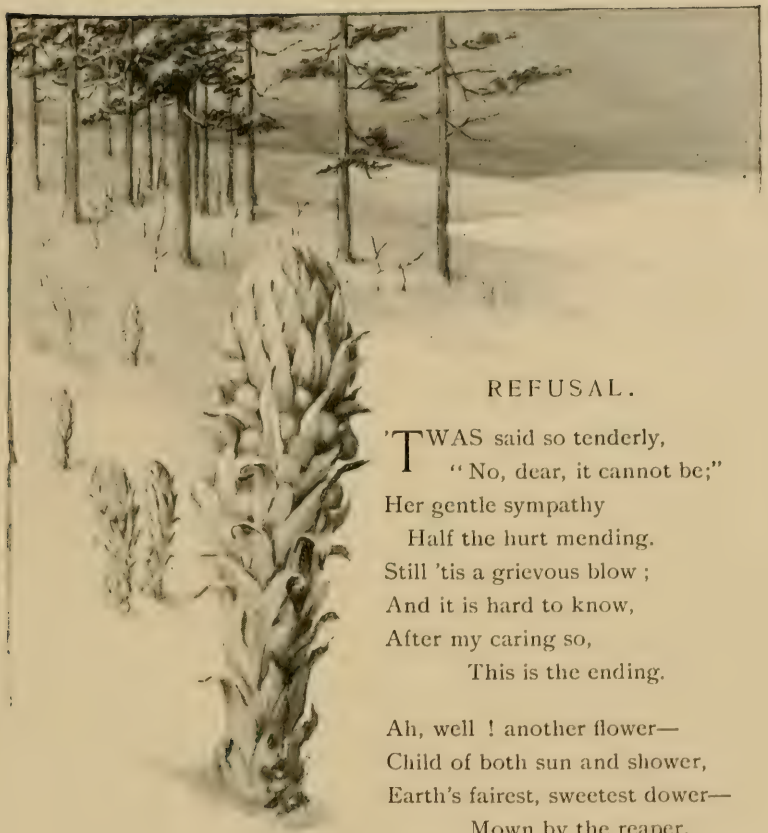
O LITTLE birds who sing so much,
Teach me the secret of your art,
That my poor songs, like yours, may touch
Her heart!

Come from your flowery retreat,
And in your song my message bear
To her, who is so gentle, sweet
And fair!

With sweetest songs, and pinions fleet,
Fly to her window far away,
And her reluctant ear entreat,
And say;—

"We bear Love's greetings on our wings—
Fond wishes, that this day renew
The happy flowers Memory brings
To you:

"That their sweet fragrance e'er may bless
Your heart; charm all your tears away,
And bring you perfect happiness
For aye!"



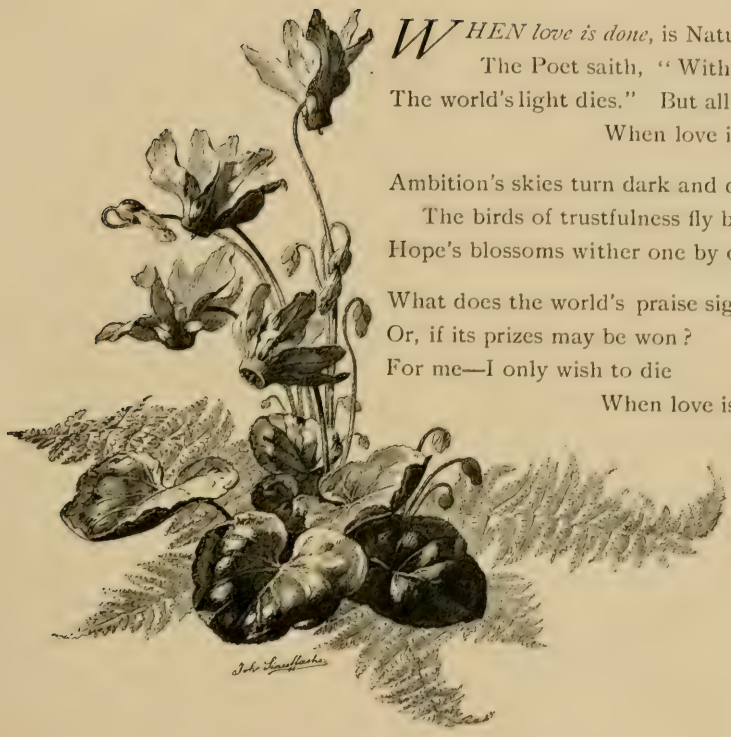
## REFUSAL.

'TWAS said so tenderly,
"No, dear, it cannot be;"
Her gentle sympathy
Half the hurt mending.
Still 'tis a grievous blow;
And it is hard to know,
After my caring so,
This is the ending.

Ah, well! another flower—
Child of both sun and shower,
Earth's fairest, sweetest dower—
Mown by the reaper.
Yet in my memory pent,
Stays that sweet flower's scent,
And all my prayers are blent
With one, "God keep her."

## DEJECTION.

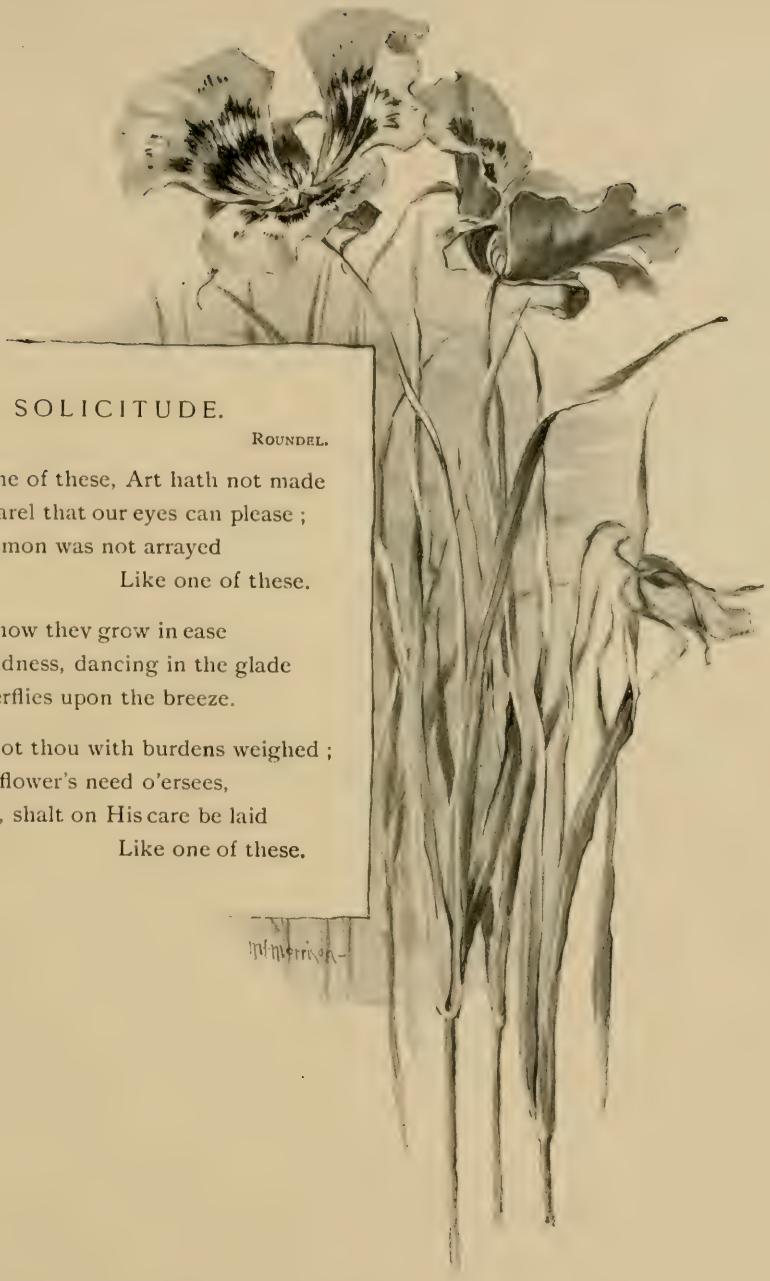
ROUNDEL.



*WHEN love is done*, is Nature's sigh.
The Poet saith, "With dying sun
The world's light dies." But all things die
When love is done:—

Ambition's skies turn dark and dun;
The birds of trustfulness fly by;
Hope's blossoms wither one by one.

What does the world's praise signify?
Or, if its prizes may be won?
For me—I only wish to die
When love is done.



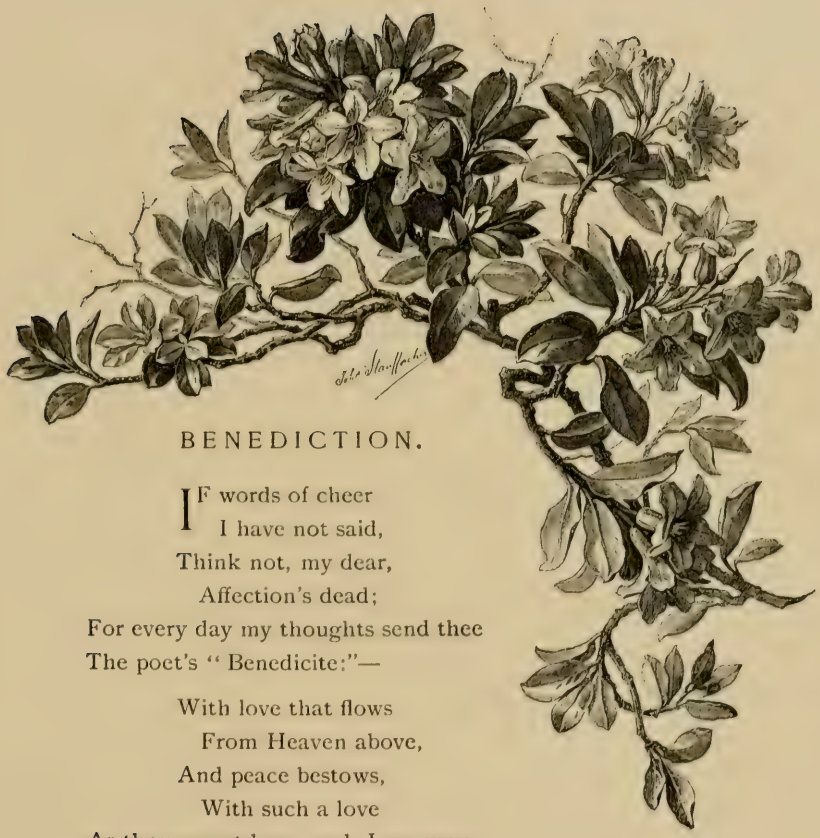
## SOLICITUDE.

ROUNDEL.

LIKE one of these, Art hath not made
Apparel that our eyes can please ;
Even Solomon was not arrayed
Like one of these.

Consider how they grow in ease
And gladness, dancing in the glade
Like butterflies upon the breeze.

Then be not thou with burdens weighed ;
If He a flower's need o'ersees,
Thou, too, shalt on His care be laid
Like one of these.



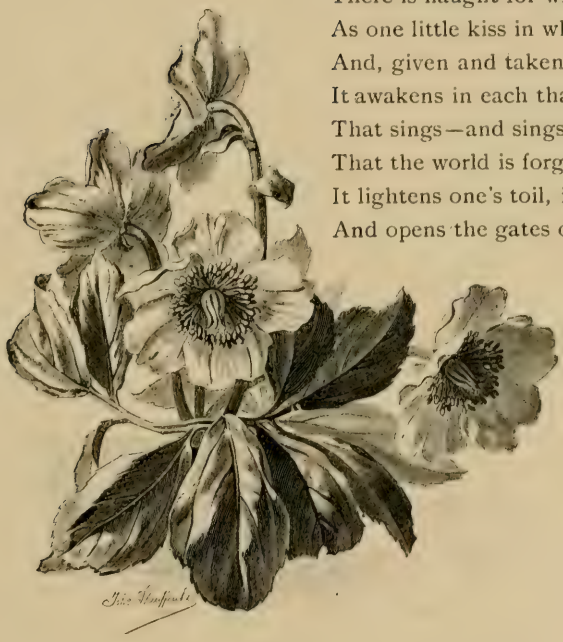
## BENEDICTION.

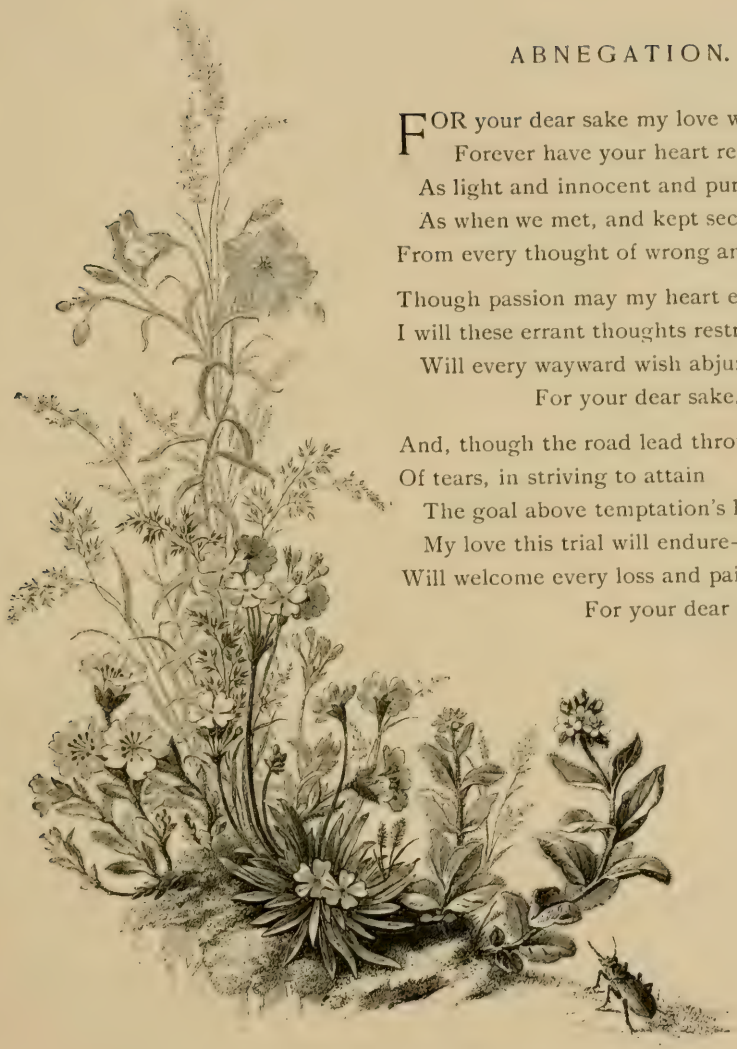
IF words of cheer
I have not said,
Think not, my dear,
Affection's dead;
For every day my thoughts send thee
The poet's "Benedicite:"—

With love that flows
From Heaven above,
And peace bestows,
With such a love
As thou mayst hear, and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away.

## ENDEARMENT.

FROM your cheek a kiss I have dared to take,
Now give me one for its own sweet sake.
There is naught for which I so much care,
As one little kiss in which you share.
And, given and taken in mutual desire,
It awakens in each that ineffable lyre
That sings—and sings on, in such exquisite strain
That the world is forgot with its sorrow and pain.
It lightens one's toil, it brightens one's eyes,
And opens the gates of Paradise.





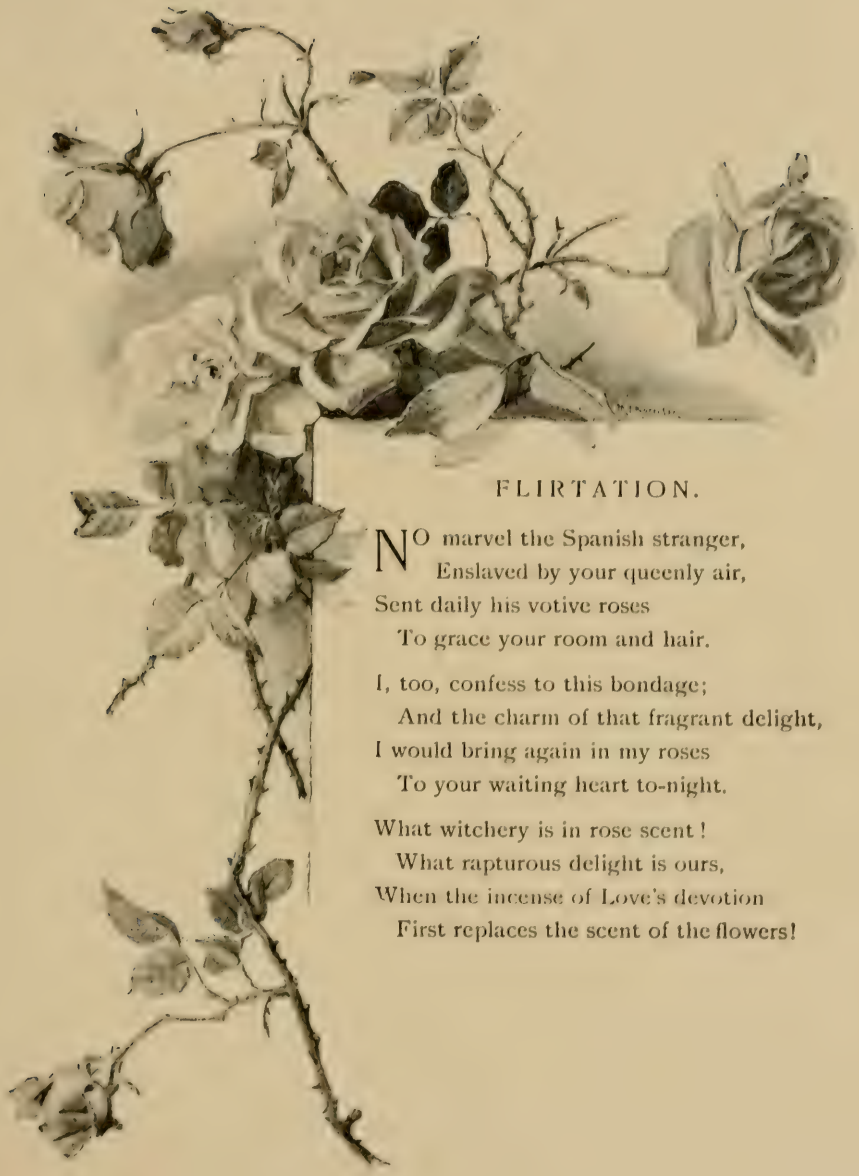
## ABNEGATION.

RONDEAU.

FOR your dear sake my love would fain
Forever have your heart remain
As light and innocent and pure
As when we met, and kept secure
From every thought of wrong and stain.

Though passion may my heart enchain,
I will these errant thoughts restrain—
Will every wayward wish abjure,
For your dear sake.

And, though the road lead through the rain
Of tears, in striving to attain
The goal above temptation's lure,
My love this trial will endure—
Will welcome every loss and pain,
For your dear sake.

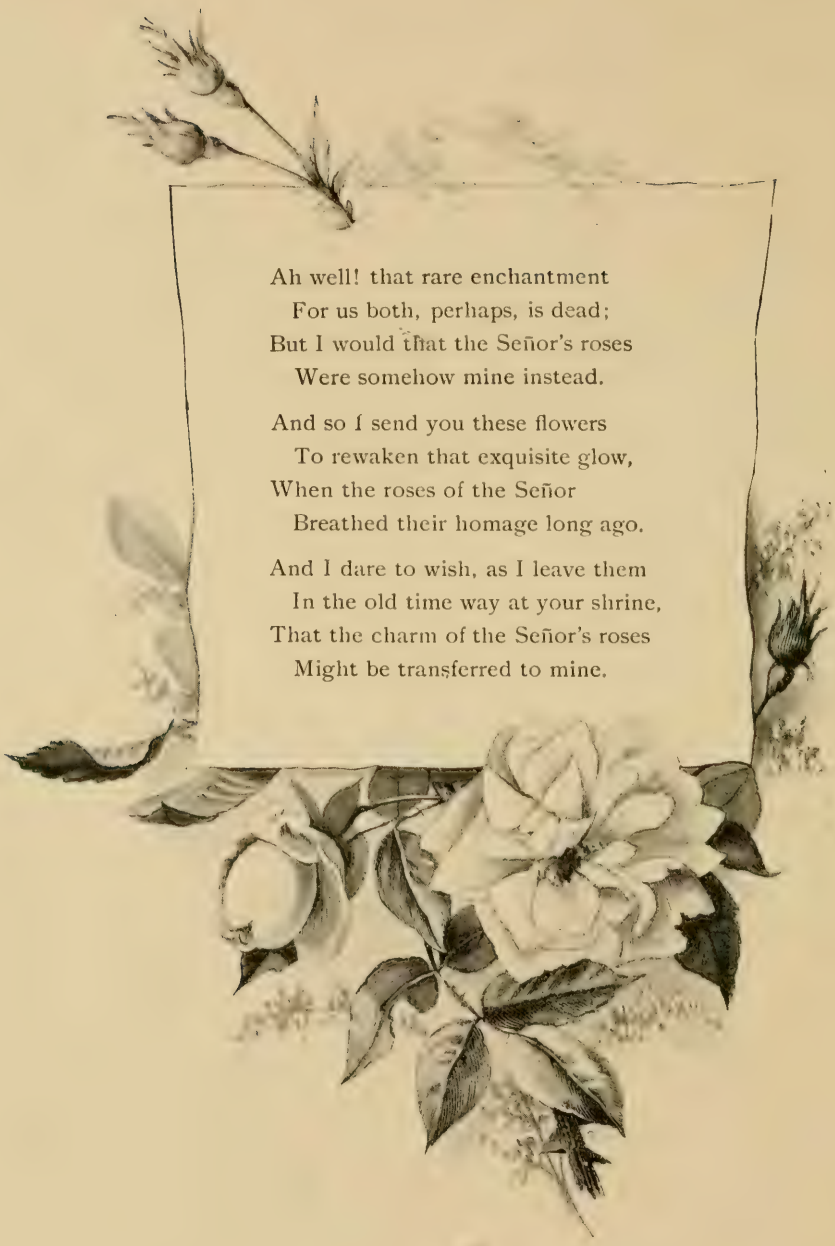


## FLIRTATION.

NO marvel the Spanish stranger,
Enslaved by your queenly air,
Sent daily his votive roses
To grace your room and hair.

I, too, confess to this bondage;
And the charm of that fragrant delight,
I would bring again in my roses
To your waiting heart to-night.

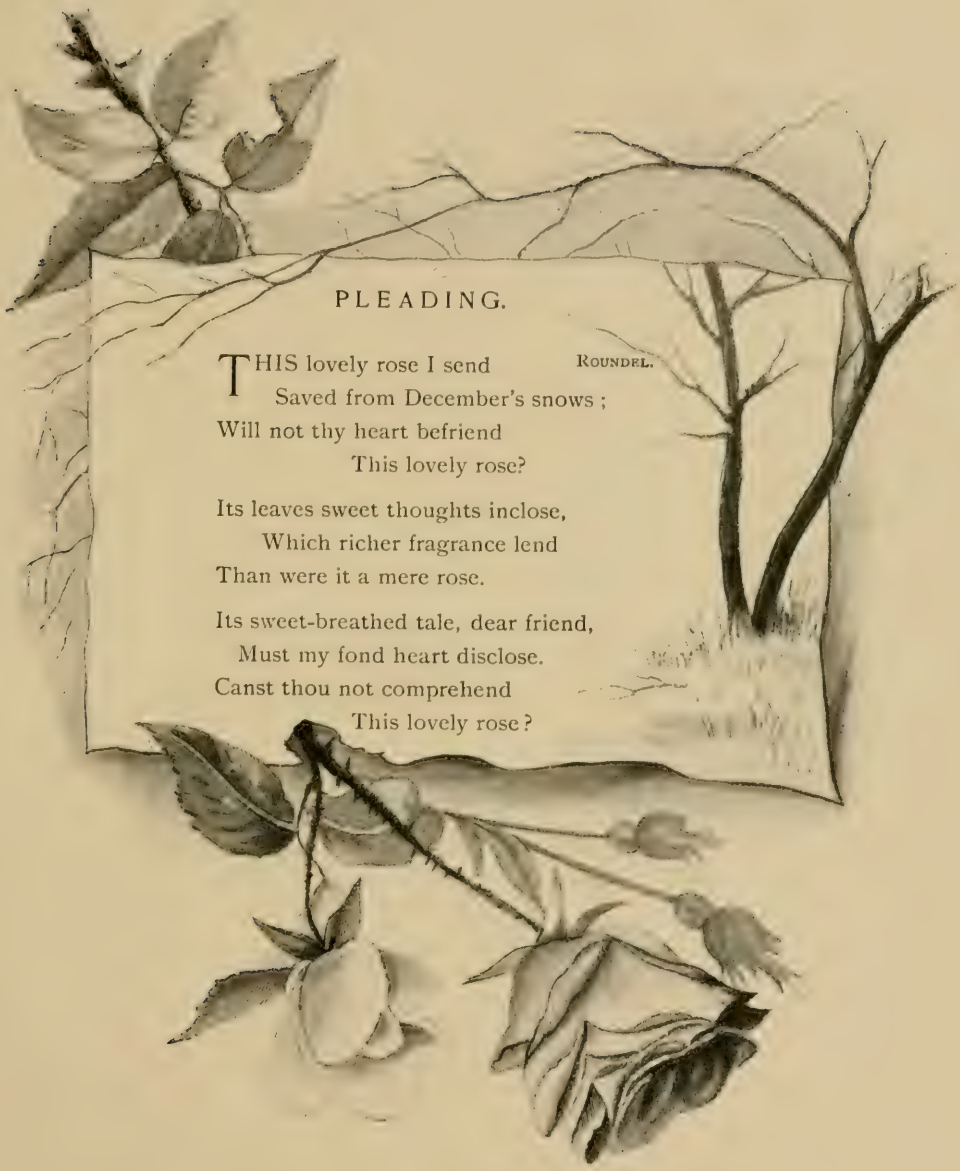
What witchery is in rose scent!
What rapturous delight is ours,
When the incense of Love's devotion
First replaces the scent of the flowers!



Ah well! that rare enchantment
For us both, perhaps, is dead;
But I would that the Señor's roses
Were somehow mine instead.

And so I send you these flowers
To rewaken that exquisite glow,
When the roses of the Señor
Breathed their homage long ago.

And I dare to wish, as I leave them
In the old time way at your shrine,
That the charm of the Señor's roses
Might be transferred to mine.



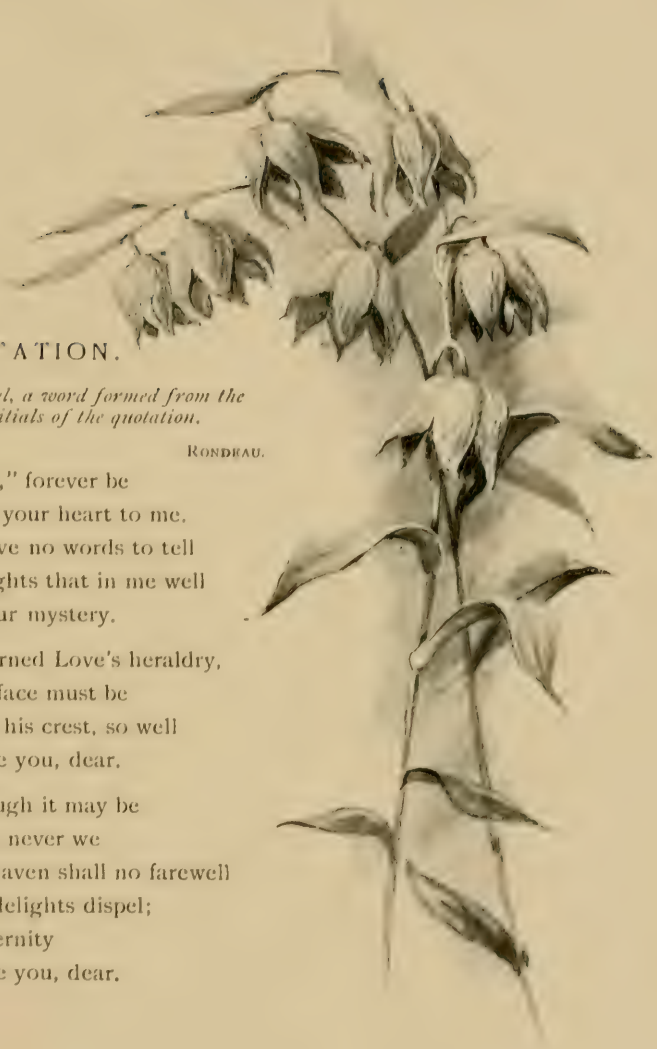
## PLEADING.

ROUNDEL.

THIS lovely rose I send
Saved from December's snows;
Will not thy heart befriend
This lovely rose?

Its leaves sweet thoughts inclose,
Which richer fragrance lend
Than were it a mere rose.

Its sweet-breathed tale, dear friend,
Must my fond heart disclose.
Canst thou not comprehend
This lovely rose?



## PROTESTATION.

*An Idyl, a word formed from the initials of the quotation.*

RONDEAU.

"I LOVE you, dear," forever be
The message of your heart to me.
Sweet heart, I have no words to tell
The blissful thoughts that in me well
Whene'er I read your mystery.

From me you've learned Love's heraldry,
For my enraptured face must be
Emblazoned with his crest, so well
I love you, dear.

O loving heart, though it may be
That in this life can never we
Join hands, in Heaven shall no farewell
Love's perfected delights dispel;
For time and for eternity
I love you, dear.

## CONFESSION.

*Can I teach thee, my beloved?*
*Can I teach thee?*
*Can I bless thee, my beloved?*
*Can I bless thee?*
*Alas! I can but love thee.*

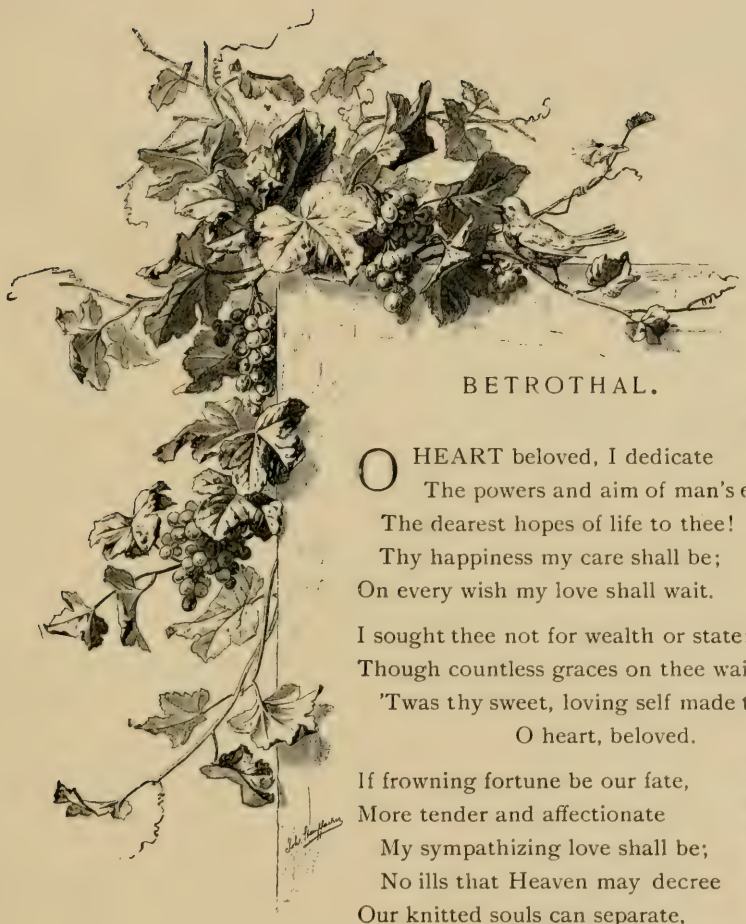
MRS. BROWNING.

THOU hast taught me, my beloved,
Thou hast taught me:
Taught me life's profounder meaning,
Taught me honor, virtue—weaning
Me from all ignoble things;
On imagination's wings
Taught me how to soar, and find
Rarest pleasures in the mind;
Taught me life's dull incompleteness,
Without Love's renewing sweetness;
From the height of thy pure soul
Taught me passion to control;
And hast brought me
At thy gentle feet to learn
What thy clearer eyes discern.

Thou hast blessed me, my beloved,
Thou hast blessed me:
Blessed me with thy tender eyes,
Which look on me in such a wise
My faint soul grows strong again,
As the flowers after rain,
And they rest me,
While they more and more enchain.
Thou hast blessed me with thy words;
Sweeter than the song of birds,
They have soothed my weary brain,
Banished every care and pain
That distressed me,

And a new strength put within me
To resist delights that win me
From the duty God commands.
Thou hast blessed me with thy hands,
Which have ever shared my toil,
Heeding neither ache nor soil,
And caressed me,
Making all my burdens lighter,
And the sky of hope still brighter.
Dear hands—only made for smoothing
Restless pillows, and for soothing
Tired hearts—would they were mine
To have and hold by right divine!

Dost thou love me, my beloved?
Dost thou love me?
Thou whom I have from afar
Watched and worshipped, like a star
That above me
Shines, and yet may never know
The blessing that its beams bestow?
Thou hast taught me, thou hast blessed me
And with happiest thoughts possessed me,
But to *love* me
Is the crowning of all blessing;
Making me by thy confessing
Rich beyond all power to measure;
Royal, crowned by thy sweet pleasure
Sovereign of a fair domain
I had hardly thought to gain.
Blessing honor, rest thou art,
And with undivided heart,
Dear, I love thee,
Love thee more than words can tell:
And I would that my caressing
Could bring thee as rich a blessing,
And forevermore compel
Love's peace in thy
heart to dwell.



## BETROTHAL.

RONDEAU.

O HEART beloved, I dedicate
The powers and aim of man's estate,
The dearest hopes of life to thee!
Thy happiness my care shall be;
On every wish my love shall wait.

I sought thee not for wealth or state;
Though countless graces on thee wait,
'Twas thy sweet, loving self made thee,
O heart, beloved.

If frowning fortune be our fate,
More tender and affectionate
My sympathizing love shall be;
No ills that Heaven may decree
Our knitted souls can separate,
O heart beloved!

## CONGRATULATION.

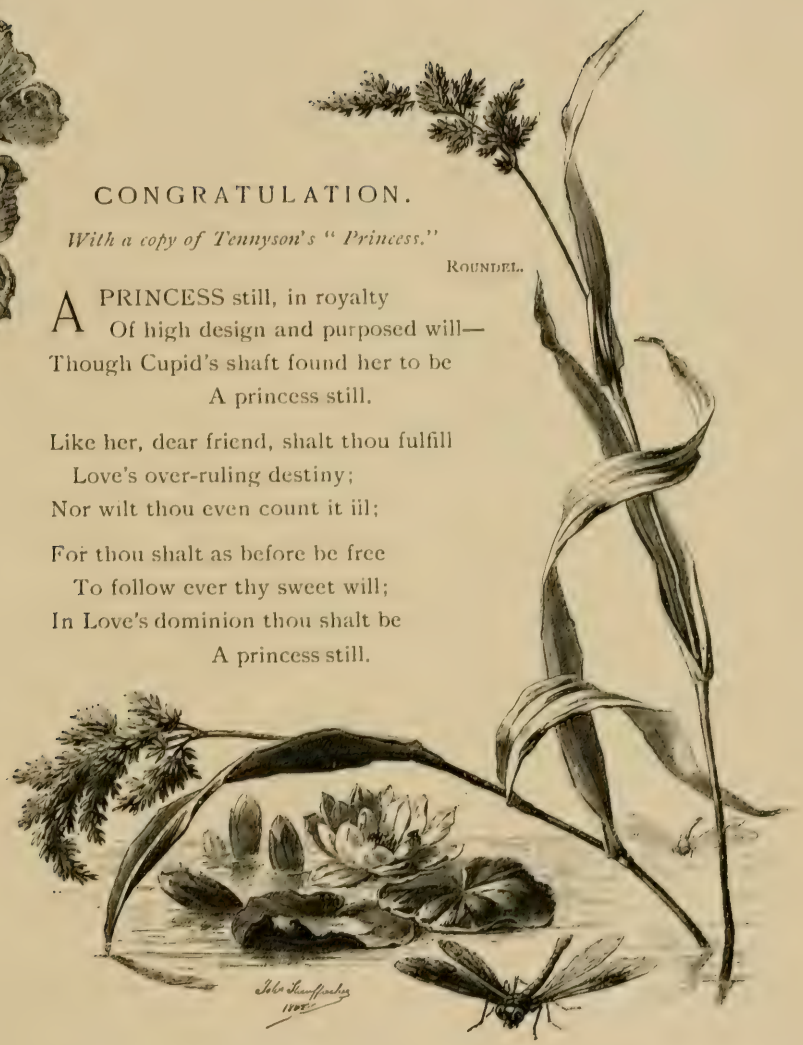
*With a copy of Tennyson's "Princess."*

ROUNDEL.

A PRINCESS still, in royalty
Of high design and purposed will—
Though Cupid's shaft found her to be
A princess still.

Like her, dear friend, shalt thou fulfill
Love's over-ruling destiny;
Nor wilt thou even count it ill;

For thou shalt as before be free
To follow ever thy sweet will;
In Love's dominion thou shalt be
A princess still.



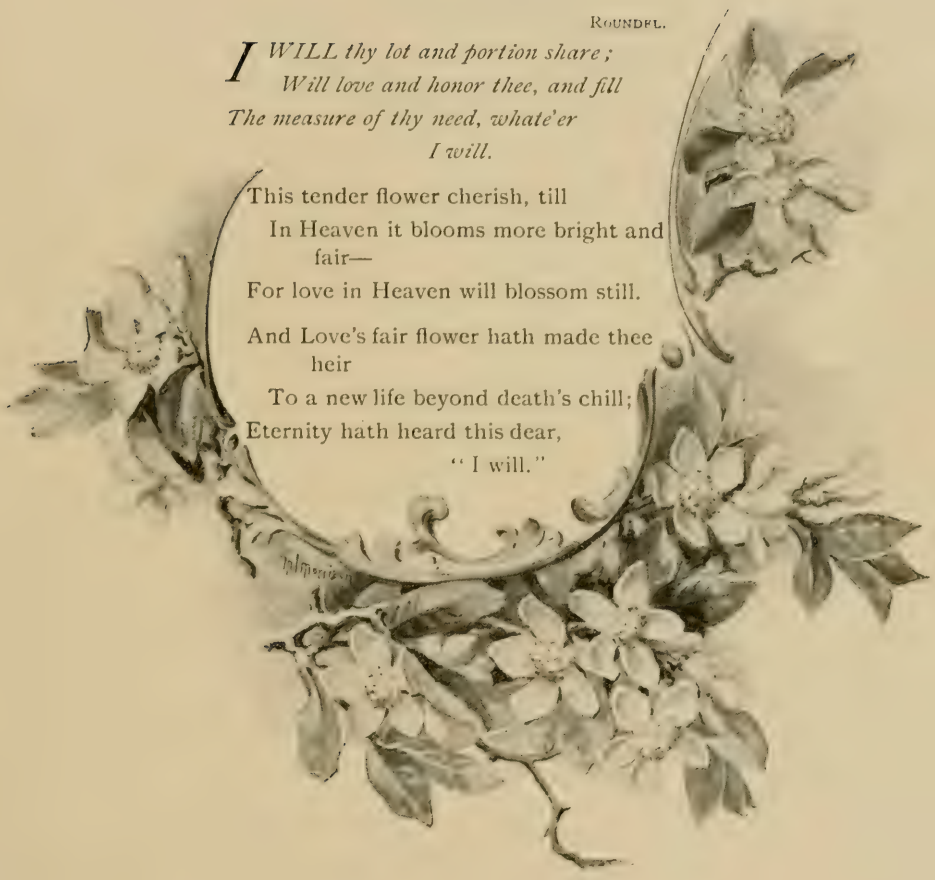
# MARRIAGE.

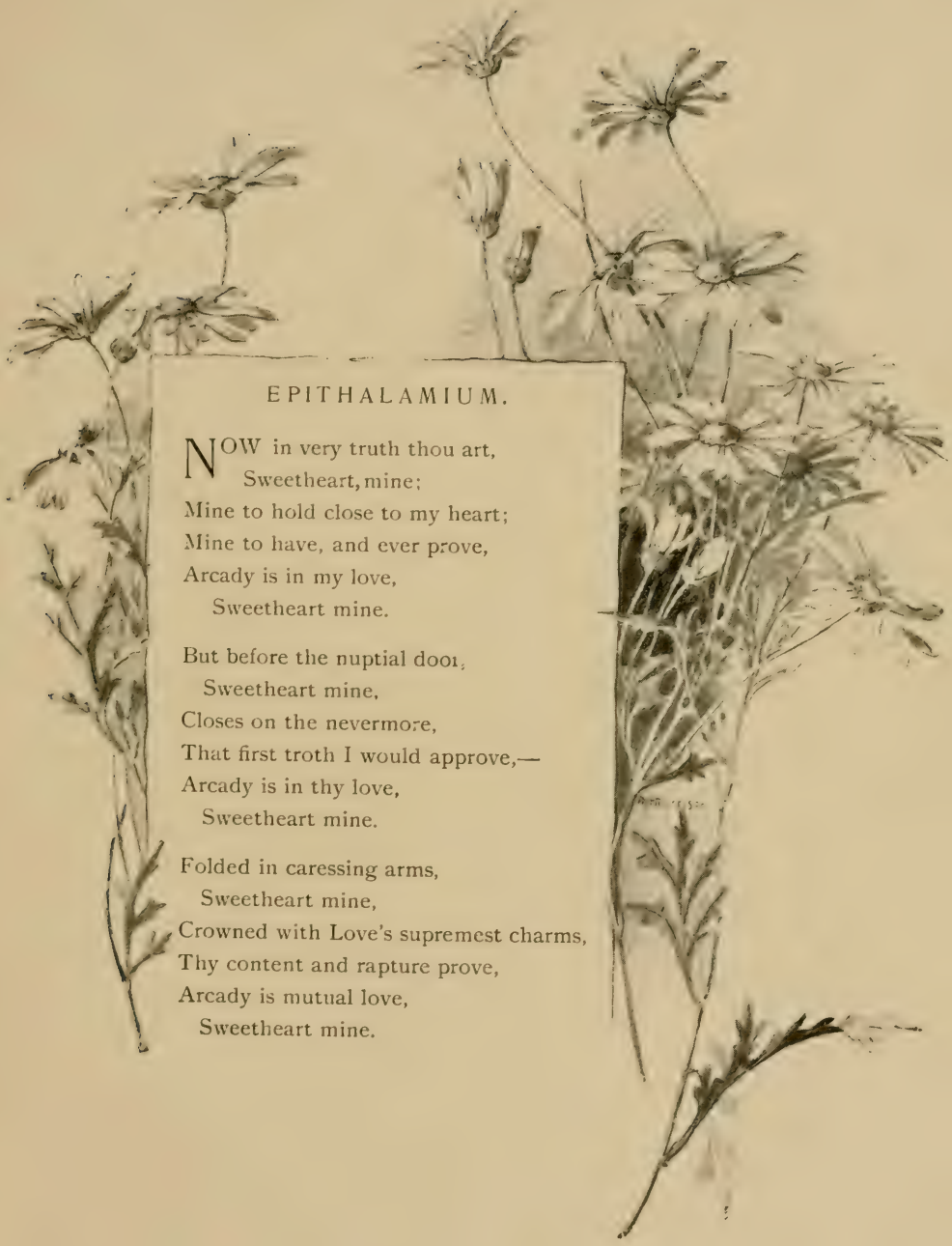
ROUNDEL.

*I WILL thy lot and portion share;*
*Will love and honor thee, and fill*
*The measure of thy need, whate'er*
*I will.*

This tender flower cherish, till
In Heaven it blooms more bright and fair—
For love in Heaven will blossom still.

And Love's fair flower hath made thee heir
To a new life beyond death's chill;
Eternity hath heard this dear,
"I will."





## EPITHALAMIUM.

NOW in very truth thou art,
Sweetheart, mine;
Mine to hold close to my heart;
Mine to have, and ever prove,
Arcady is in my love,
Sweetheart mine.

But before the nuptial door,
Sweetheart mine,
Closes on the nevermore,
That first troth I would approve,—
Arcady is in thy love,
Sweetheart mine.

Folded in caressing arms,
Sweetheart mine,
Crowned with Love's supremest charms,
Thy content and rapture prove,
Arcady is mutual love,
Sweetheart mine.

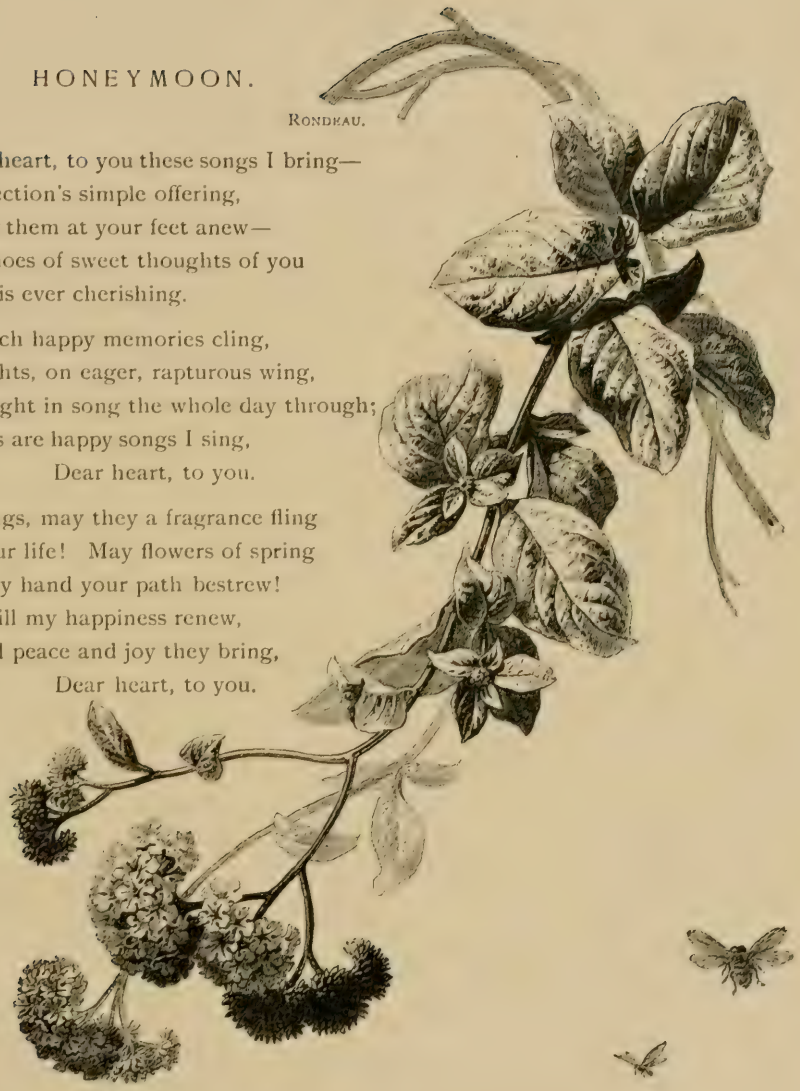
## HONEYMOON.

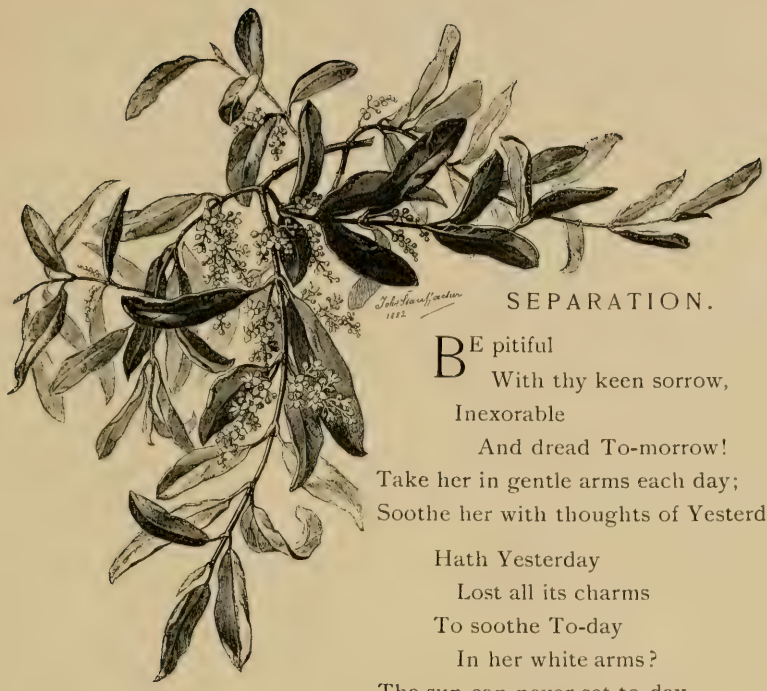
RONDEAU.

DEAR heart, to you these songs I bring—
Affection's simple offering,
And lay them at your feet anew—
The echoes of sweet thoughts of you
My heart is ever cherishing.

To you such happy memories cling,
My thoughts, on eager, rapturous wing,
Take flight in song the whole day through;
The songs are happy songs I sing,
Dear heart, to you.

These songs, may they a fragrance fling
About your life! May flowers of spring
On every hand your path bestrew!
They will my happiness renew,
If rest and peace and joy they bring,
Dear heart, to you.





## SEPARATION.

BE pitiful
With thy keen sorrow,
Inexorable
And dread To-morrow!
Take her in gentle arms each day;
Soothe her with thoughts of Yesterday!

Hath Yesterday
Lost all its charms
To soothe To-day
In her white arms?
The sun can never set to-day,
Behind the hills of Yesterday.

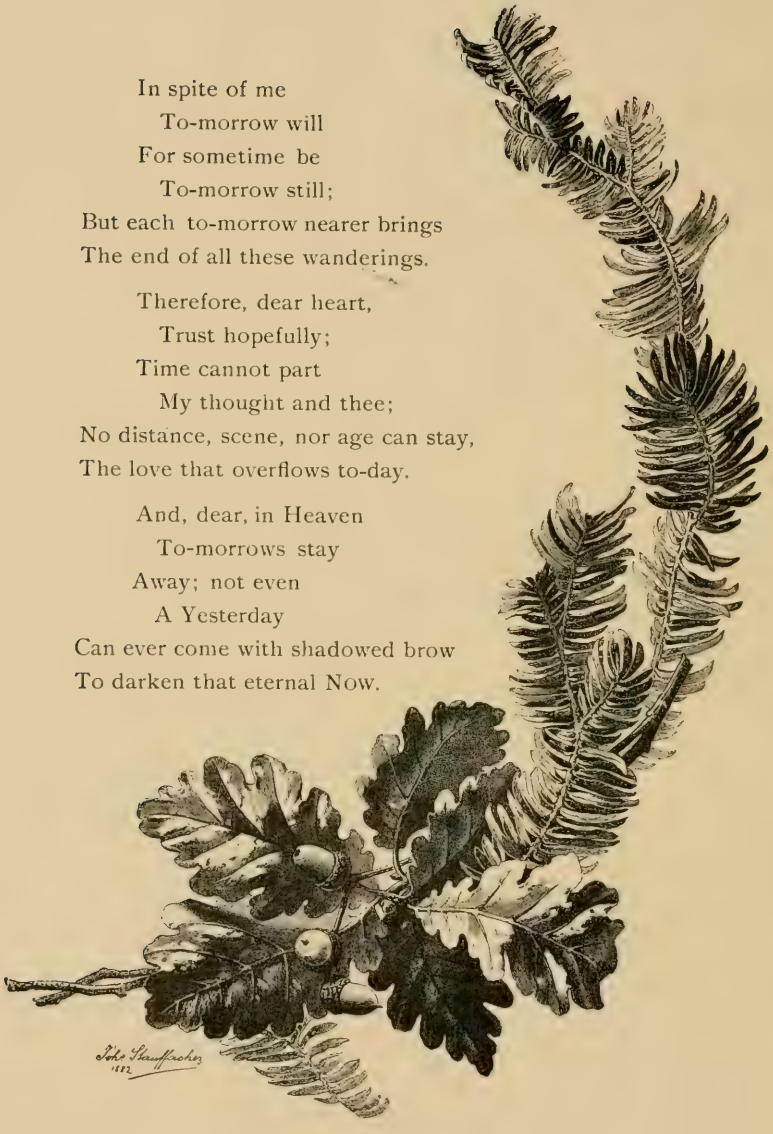
Fear not, dear friend;
Close to my heart
Until the end
Thou ever art:
Too close to leave thee room to borrow
Such sad forebodings of the morrow.

While no farewell
Spoken to-day
Can e'er dispel
Our yesterday,
On bended knees with you I pray,
"Come back, come back, sweet Yesterday."

In spite of me
To-morrow will
For sometime be
To-morrow still;
But each to-morrow nearer brings
The end of all these wanderings.

Therefore, dear heart,
Trust hopefully;
Time cannot part
My thought and thee;
No distance, scene, nor age can stay,
The love that overflows to-day.

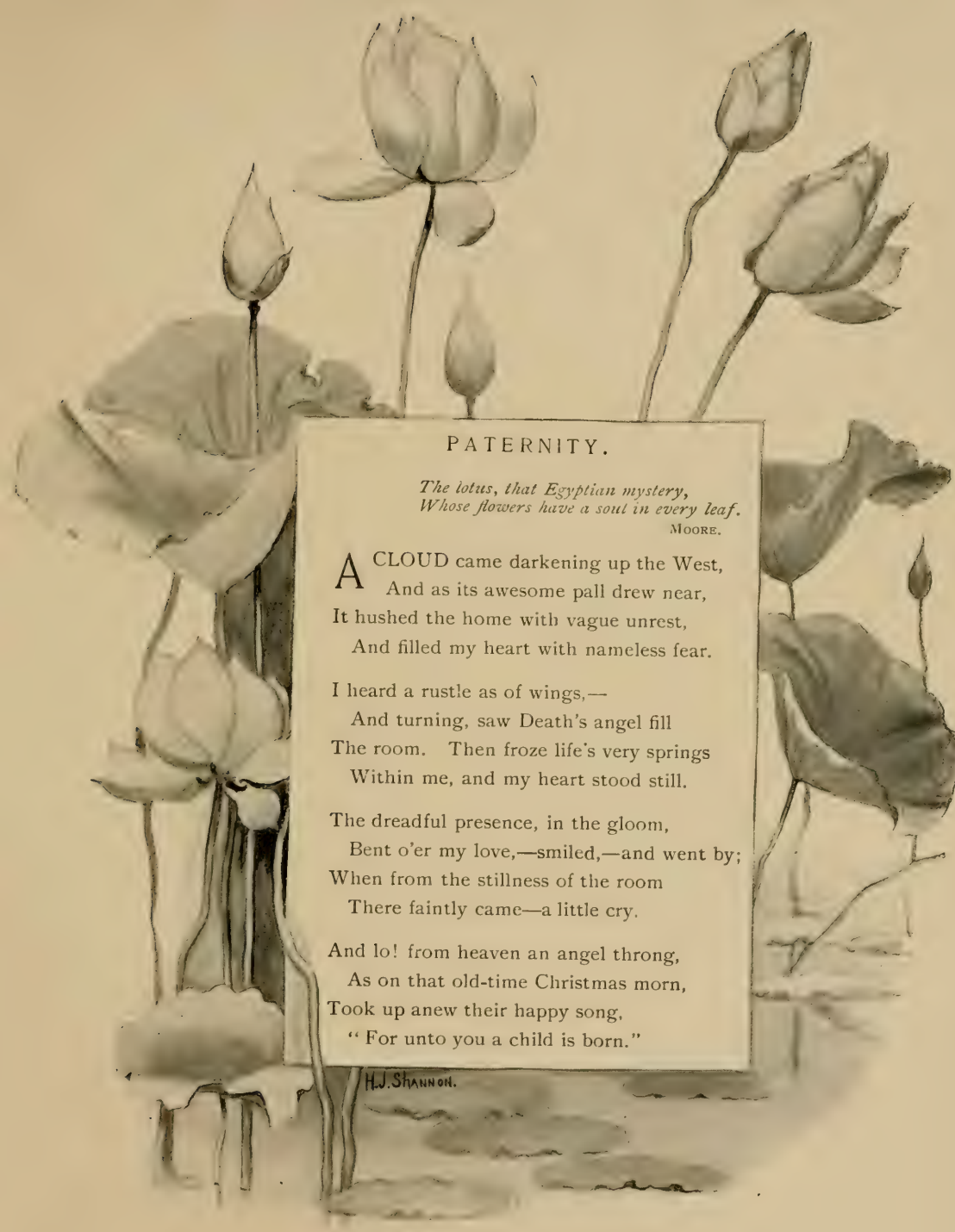
And, dear, in Heaven
To-morrows stay
Away; not even
A Yesterday
Can ever come with shadowed brow
To darken that eternal Now.



## REMEMBRANCE.

RONDELET.

THESE flowers of June
The gates of memory unbar;
These flowers of June
Such old-time harmonies retune,
I fain would keep the gates ajar,—
So full of sweet enchantment are
These flowers of June.



## PATERNITY.

*The lotus, that Egyptian mystery,*
*Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.*
MOORE.

A CLOUD came darkening up the West,
And as its awesome pall drew near,
It hushed the home with vague unrest,
And filled my heart with nameless fear.

I heard a rustle as of wings,—
And turning, saw Death's angel fill
The room. Then froze life's very springs
Within me, and my heart stood still.

The dreadful presence, in the gloom,
Bent o'er my love,—smiled,—and went by;
When from the stillness of the room
There faintly came—a little cry.

And lo! from heaven an angel throng,
As on that old-time Christmas morn,
Took up anew their happy song,
"For unto you a child is born."

H.J. SHANNON.

## CHRISTENING.

"SUFFER the children to
Come unto me!"
In this, the Master's, word
Must my trust be.

How can I make my life
Spotless and sweet,
That I lead not astray
These little feet!

How can I, so defiled,
Bound in Sin's bands,
Ever be fit to hold
These little hands!

If but my soul were pure,—
Strong to withstand,
I might the children lead
To Thy right hand;

But I am weak, and so
My prayer must be,
"Suffer the children to
Come unto Thee!"

## ANNIVERSARY.

RONDEAU.

THE bells were told to ring in glee
The day when first thou cam'st to be
Our home's delight; and in my heart,
By Love's supreme, mysterious art,
These bells have rung unceasingly.

And on this day there comes to me
Anew the tender memory
Of that sweet joy, which but in part
The bells were told.

Dear child, in whose sweet eyes I see
The Heaven that waits above for me,
How far from me would Heaven depart;
How comfortless would be my heart,
If through some darkened day for thee
The bells were tolled!

## COUNSEL.

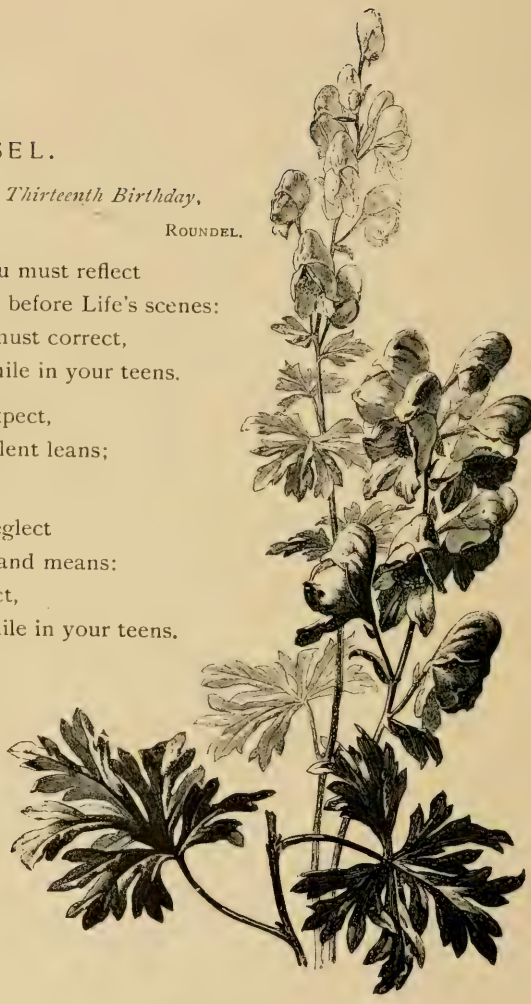
*A Thirteenth Birthday.*

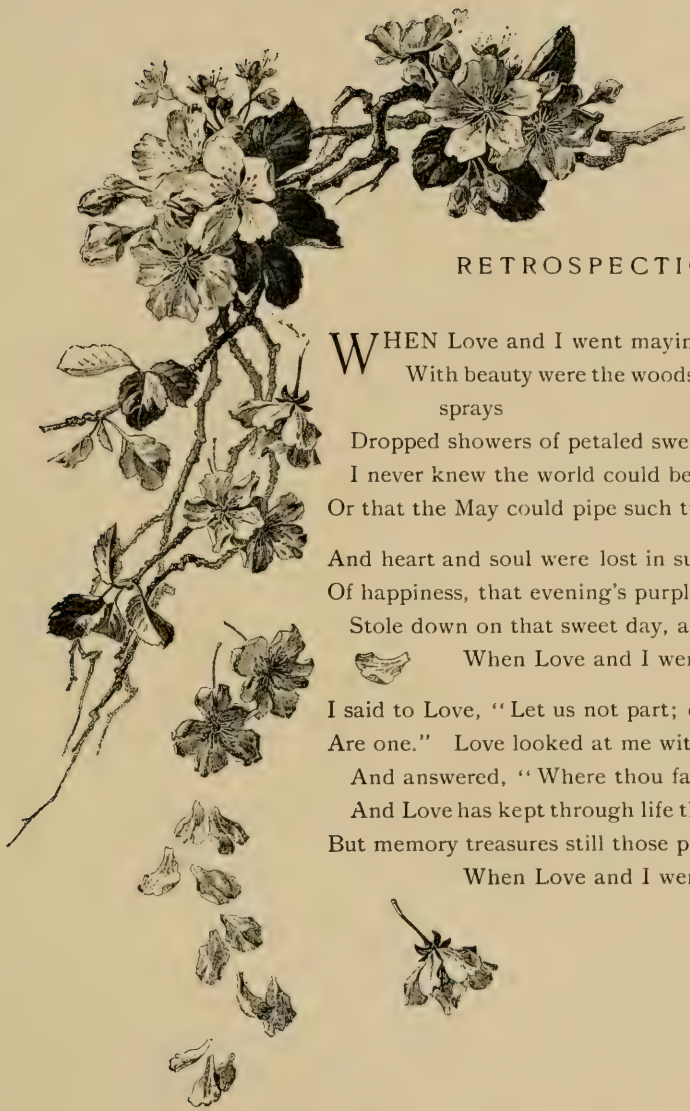
ROUNDEL.

WHILE in your teens you must reflect
What part you'll play before Life's scenes:
And childhood's faults you must correct,
While in your teens.

Great things of you we all expect,
In following where your talent leans;
But this you only can direct.

And you must try and not neglect
Whate'er is given of helps and means:
Mostly are you Life's architect,
While in your teens.





## RETROSPECTION.

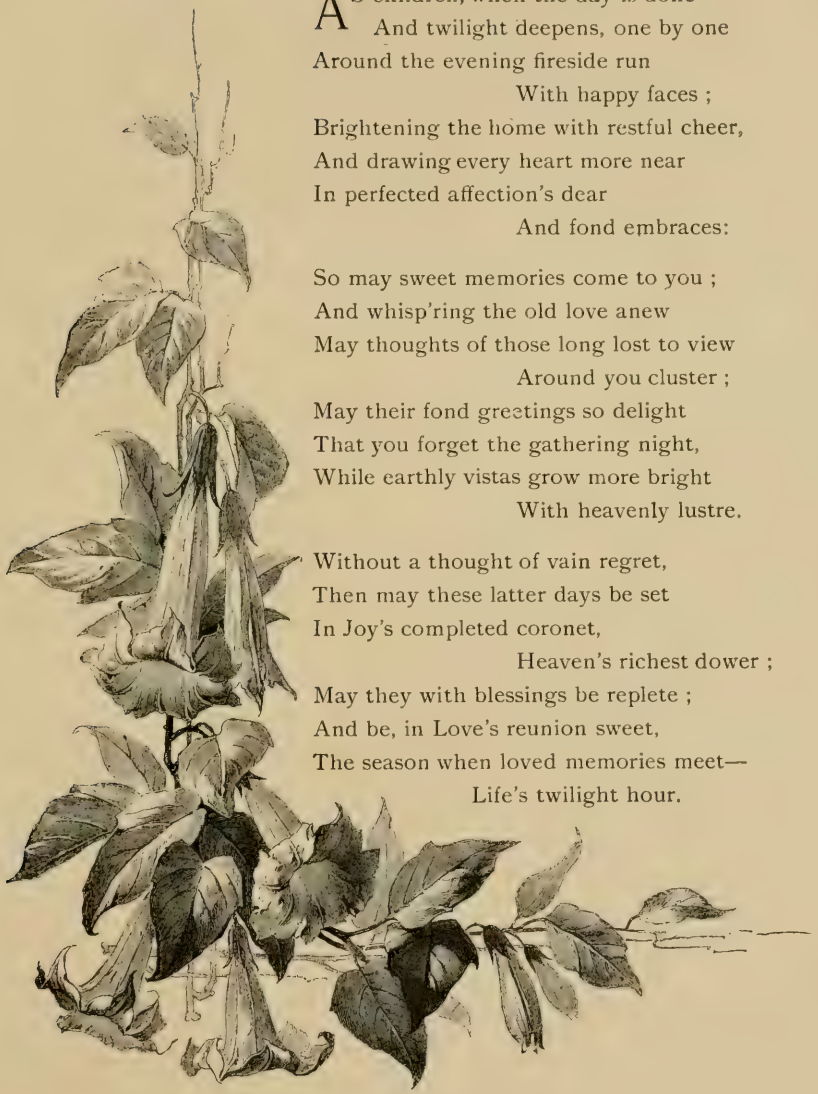
RONDEAU.

WHEN Love and I went maying, all ablaze
With beauty were the woods, and blossoming sprays
Dropped showers of petaled sweetness on the air.
I never knew the world could be so fair,
Or that the May could pipe such tuneful lays.

And heart and soul were lost in such a maze
Of happiness, that evening's purple haze
Stole down on that sweet day, all unaware,
When Love and I went maying.

I said to Love, "Let us not part; our ways
Are one." Love looked at me with wistful gaze,
And answered, "Where thou farest I will fare."
And Love has kept through life that promised care:—
But memory treasures still those perfumed days,
When Love and I went maying.

# TWILIGHT.



AS children, when the day is done
And twilight deepens, one by one
Around the evening fireside run
With happy faces ;
Brightening the home with restful cheer,
And drawing every heart more near
In perfected affection's dear
And fond embraces:

So may sweet memories come to you ;
And whisp'ring the old love anew
May thoughts of those long lost to view
Around you cluster ;
May their fond greetings so delight
That you forget the gathering night,
While earthly vistas grow more bright
With heavenly lustre.

Without a thought of vain regret,
Then may these latter days be set
In Joy's completed coronet,
Heaven's richest dower ;
May they with blessings be replete ;
And be, in Love's reunion sweet,
The season when loved memories meet—
Life's twilight hour.

## LULLABY.

*SLEEP, baby, sleep, while softly I*
*Sing lullaby, sweet lullaby.*

What sweeter song can minstrel sing
Than "lullaby, sweet lullaby?"
For life's most tender memories cling
To "lullaby, sweet lullaby."
With lullaby on mother's breast
Are baby's bright eyes lulled to rest;
With lullaby is childhood stayed,
Its sorrows soothed, its fears allayed.

With lullaby love comes to youth,
And wraps him in delicious dreams,
Until a silken tress, in sooth,
The only prize worth winning seems;
From manhood's brow all troubles fly
When loving wife sings lullaby;
Old age gains strength and comfort when
This lullaby is heard again.

Thus lullaby through childhood's years,
Through youth, and manhood and old age
Soothes tired hearts, calms foolish fears,
And helps life's heaviest griefs assauge.
So may sweet lullaby impart
To you a peaceful, fearless heart,
And when the shades of death draw nigh
May you then hear God's lullaby!

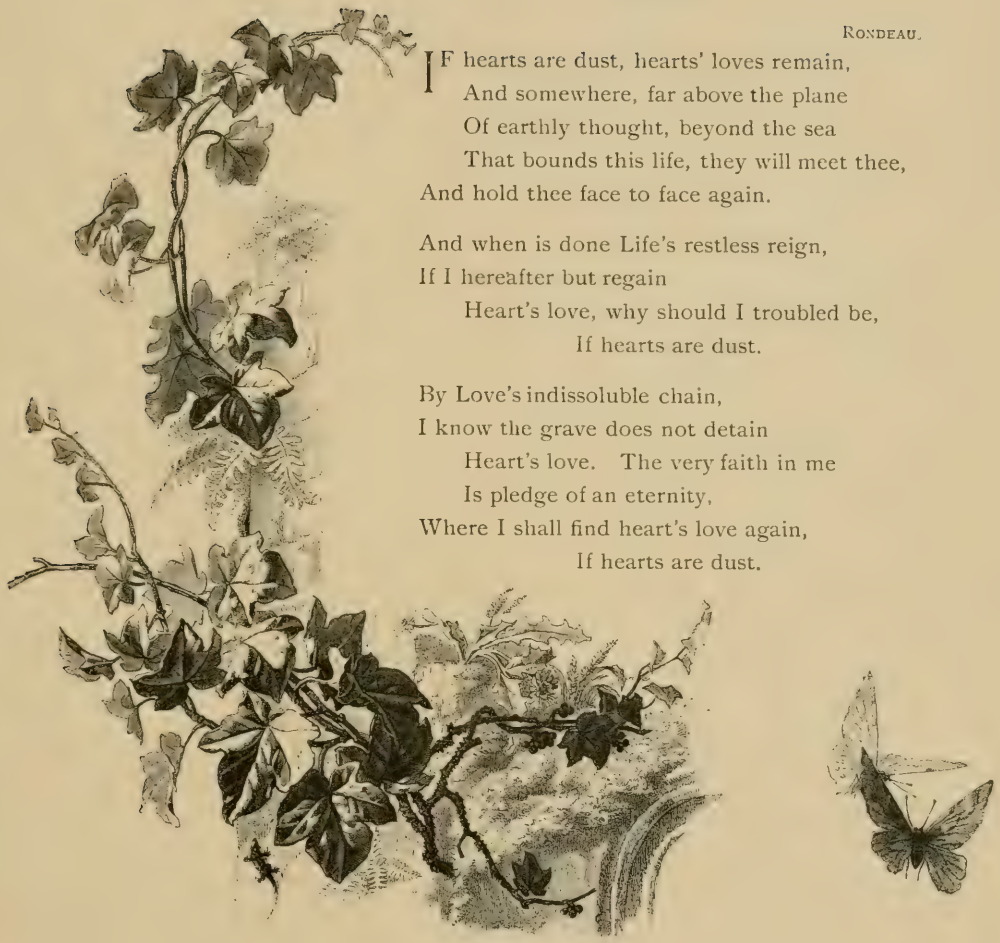
# TRUST.

RONDEAU.

IF hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
And somewhere, far above the plane
Of earthly thought, beyond the sea
That bounds this life, they will meet thee,
And hold thee face to face again.

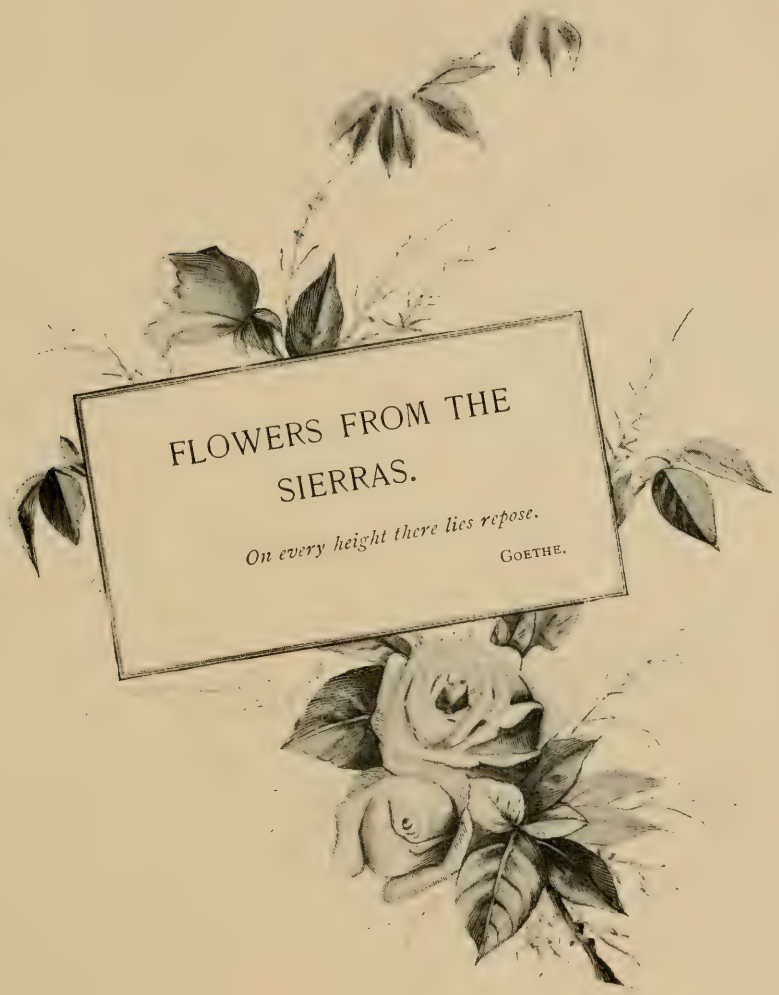
And when is done Life's restless reign,
If I hereafter but regain
Heart's love, why should I troubled be,
If hearts are dust.

By Love's indissoluble chain,
I know the grave does not detain
Heart's love. The very faith in me
Is pledge of an eternity,
Where I shall find heart's love again,
If hearts are dust.



## L'ENVOI.

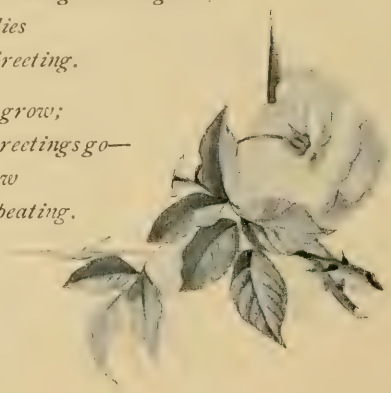
*THAT I might share with thee, dear friend, the sweet*
*Enjoyment Memory brings, I've sought to lay*
*On these fair pages little bits of tint*
*And color—here and there a study, worked,*
*Sometimes in smiles, sometimes in tears—if they,*
*Perchance, might hold thy wandering thoughts awhile,*
*And lead thee back to Arcady—and me.*

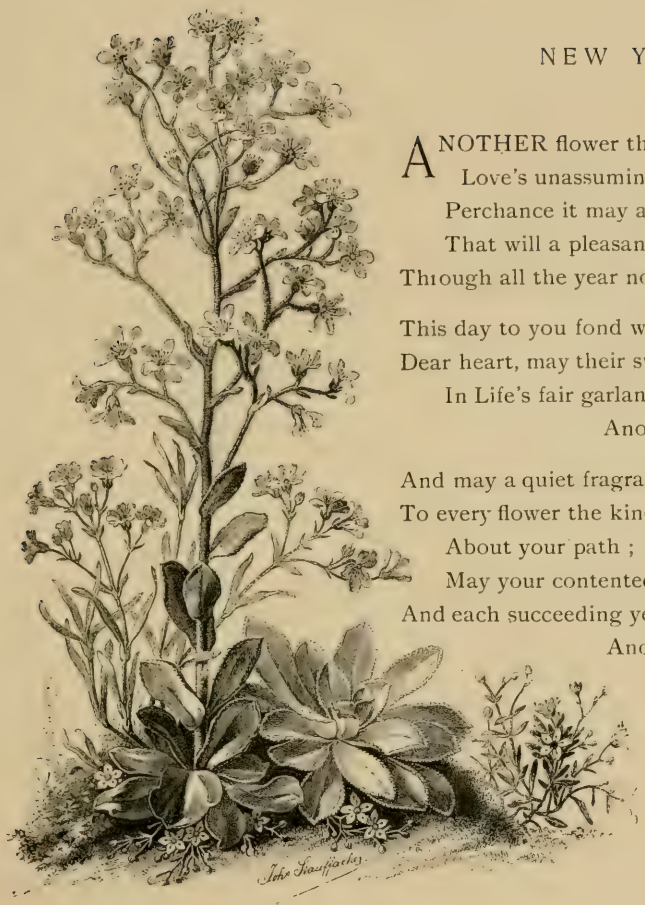

FLOWERS FROM THE
SIERRAS.
*On every height there lies repose.*
GOETHE.

## PRELUDE.

*DEAR friend, though seen by other eyes,*
*Your heart must read through all disguise*
*What tender meaning underlies*
*This Festal Greeting.*

*For you these humble flowers grow;*
*To you their sweet-breathed greetings go—*
*The message you already know*
*Once more repeating.*





## NEW YEAR.

RONDEAU.

ANOTHER flower this day I bring—
Love's unassuming offering ;
Perchance it may a fragrance leave,
That will a pleasant memory weave,
Through all the year now opening.

This day to you fond wishes wing ;
Dear heart, may their sweet blossoming
In Life's fair garland interweave
Another flower !

And may a quiet fragrance cling
To every flower the kind fates fling
About your path ; ne'er cause to grieve
May your contented heart receive,
And each succeeding year still bring
Another flower !

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MY Valentine is old and worn,
Its freshness lost, its fragrance shorn;
But still it holds some little part
Of the warm love within my heart.

What matters if its perfumed dress
Has lost its pristine daintiness;
The words, though old, are ever new
That bear the message, "I love you."

## EASTER.

RONDEAU

"ARISE!" went forth a mighty Voice, "all ye
That sleep." O earthborn Lily, who told thee
To come forth with the living from the dead?
The white-robed Lily answered "The great Head
And Heart of Nature, God Himself, called me.

"He said, 'The Christ is risen!' and tenderly
My earthy cerements loosing, He bade me
Too—following in the way where Christ hath led—
Arise!"

Trust thou this promised Immortality,
O, troubled, doubting heart! Fear not that He
Who wakes the lowly lily from her bed,
Whose own hands loose the graveclothes from her head,
Will Easter Day forget to say to thee,
"Arise!"

## MAY DAY.

AS over the ledger's wearisome page
On this bright May morn I pore,
A faint but delicious fragrance seems
To steal in at the open door.

This phantom fragrance dimly recalls
Some pleasure that erstwhile I've known;
I remember all its bewitching charm,
But the time and the scene are flown.

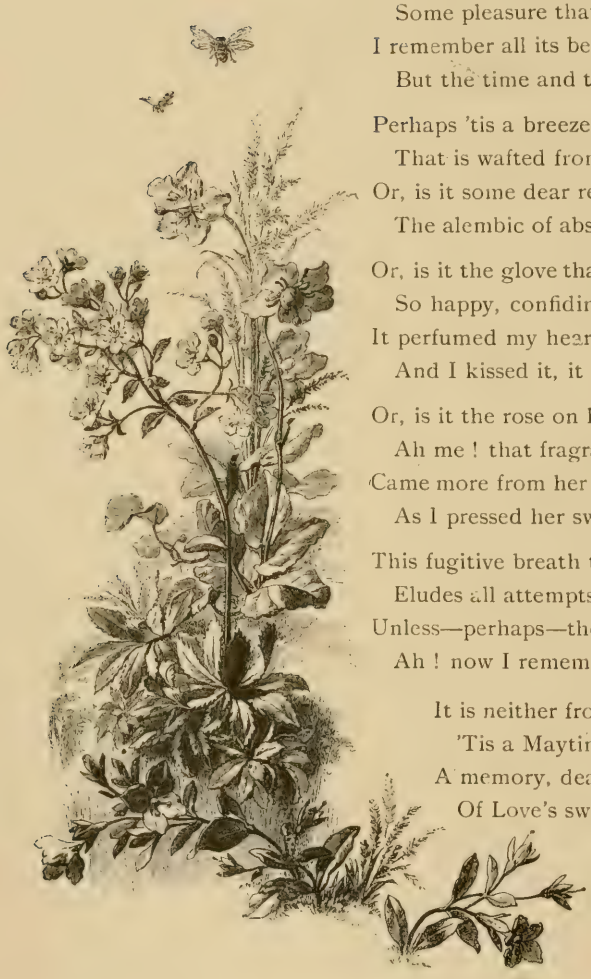
Perhaps 'tis a breeze from Arbutus flowers,
That is wafted from far-away hills;
Or, is it some dear remembrance of home
The alembic of absence distills?

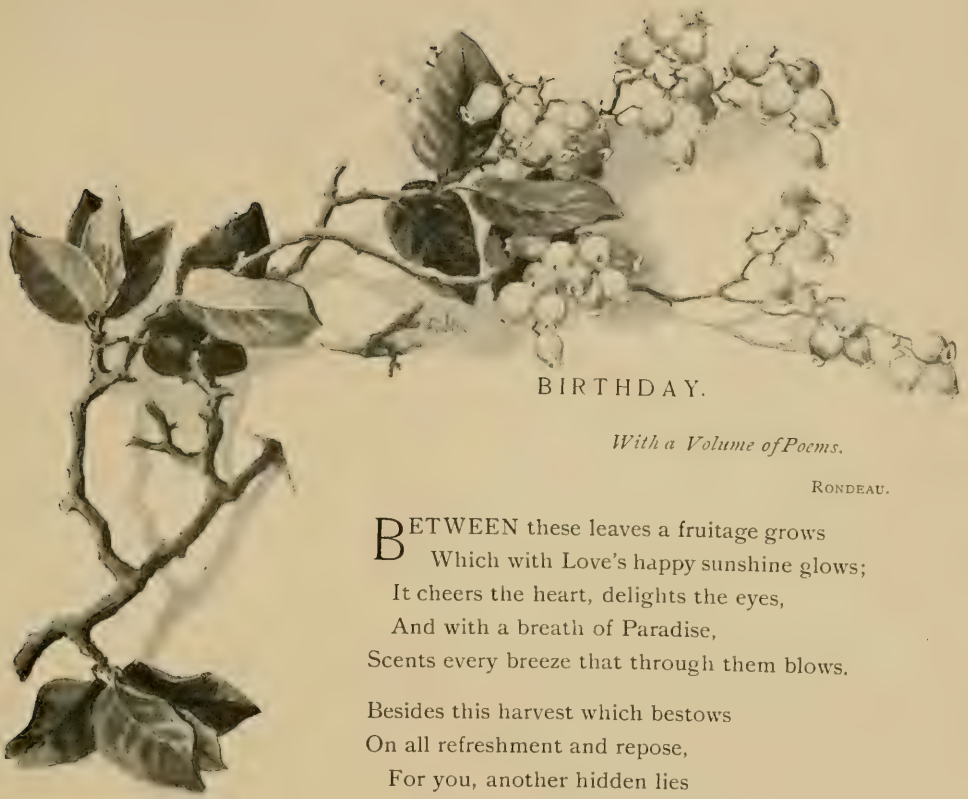
Or, is it the glove that once lay on my arm,
So happy, confiding and dear?
It perfumed my heart with its exquisite scent,
And I kissed it, it was so near.

Or, is it the rose on her bosom worn?
Ah me! that fragrance divine
Came more from her womanly grace than the rose,
As I pressed her sweet lips to mine.

This fugitive breath that comes from the Past
Eludes all attempts to recall;
Unless—perhaps—there it comes again;
Ah! now I remember it all.

It is neither from hills, nor glove, nor rose;
'Tis a Maytime we both once knew—
A memory, dear heart, of the exquisite charm
Of Love's sweet Springtime—and you.





## BIRTHDAY.

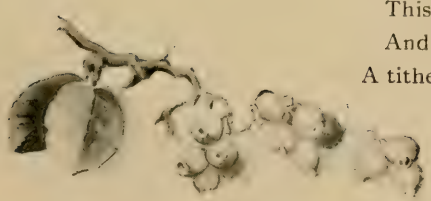
*With a Volume of Poems.*

RONDEAU.

BETWEEN these leaves a fruitage grows
Which with Love's happy sunshine glows;
It cheers the heart, delights the eyes,
And with a breath of Paradise,
Scents every breeze that through them blows.

Besides this harvest which bestows
On all refreshment and repose,
For you, another hidden lies
Between these leaves :—

Friendship, untouched by winter snows ;
Ripened affection, that outgrows
This earthly clime, and death defies ;
And memories ;—these but comprise
A tithe of what my thoughts enclose
Between these leaves.



## CRYSTAL WEDDING.

ROUNDEL.

WHAT can I bring to-day to lend
The old-time lustre to your ring?
That will these twenty years commend,
What can I bring?

Dear wife, I have no offering,
Except these simple verses, penned,
Perchance, for your mind's pleasuring;

And my true, faithful love, to tend
Your need, as *genie* of your ring;
And more than this, my sweet life-friend,
What can I bring?

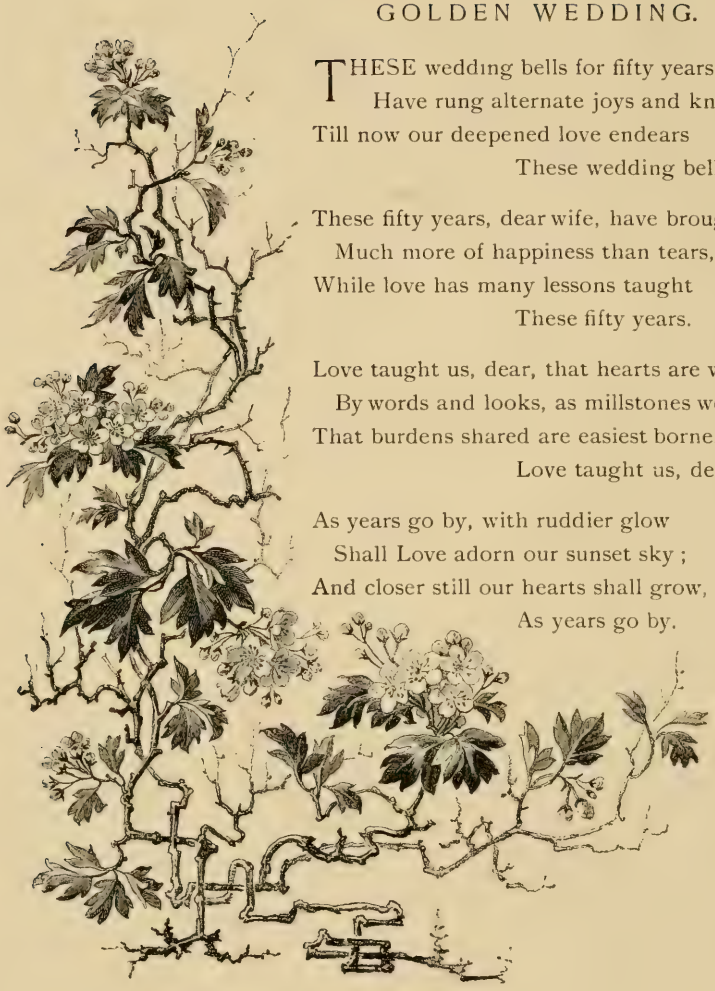
## SILVER WEDDING.

ROUNDEL.

ITS silver lining proves there must,
Behind the cloud, be sunlight shining ;
So love still shines, though cares incrust
Its silver lining.

Have thou no fear of love's declining !
This quarter century of trust
Our homely ways has been enshrining ;

And all the while, from dross and rust,
A purer love has been refining,
Till we can never more distrust
Its silver lining.



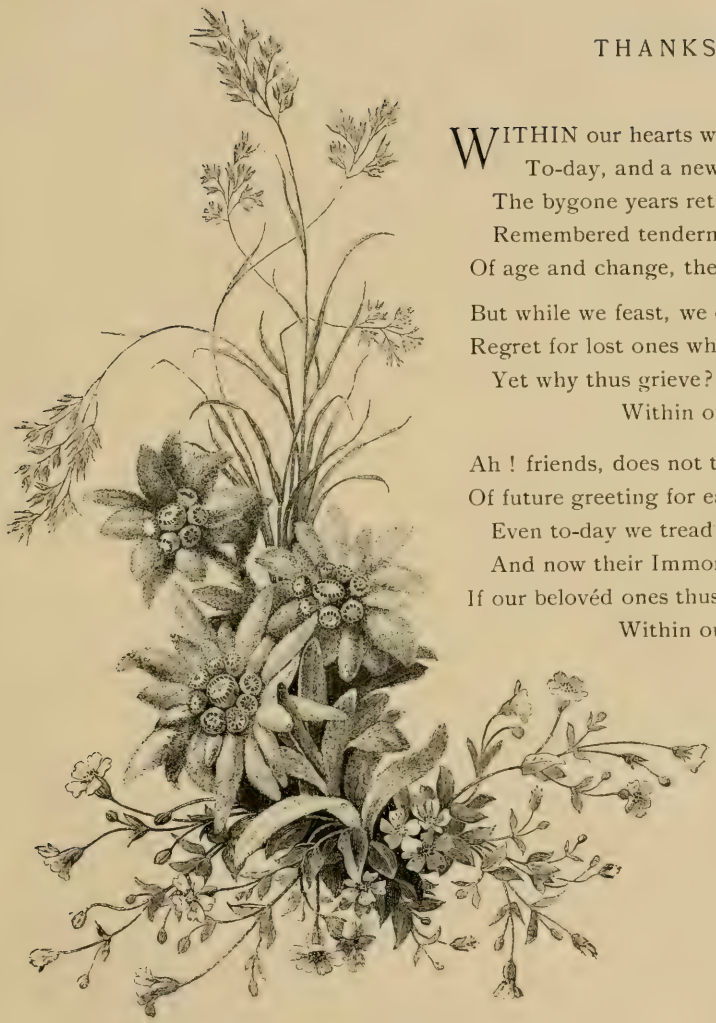
## GOLDEN WEDDING.

THESE wedding bells for fifty years
Have rung alternate joys and knells
Till now our deepened love endears
These wedding bells.

These fifty years, dear wife, have brought
Much more of happiness than tears,
While love has many lessons taught
These fifty years.

Love taught us, dear, that hearts are worn
By words and looks, as millstones wear ;
That burdens shared are easiest borne,
Love taught us, dear.

As years go by, with ruddier glow
Shall Love adorn our sunset sky ;
And closer still our hearts shall grow,
As years go by.



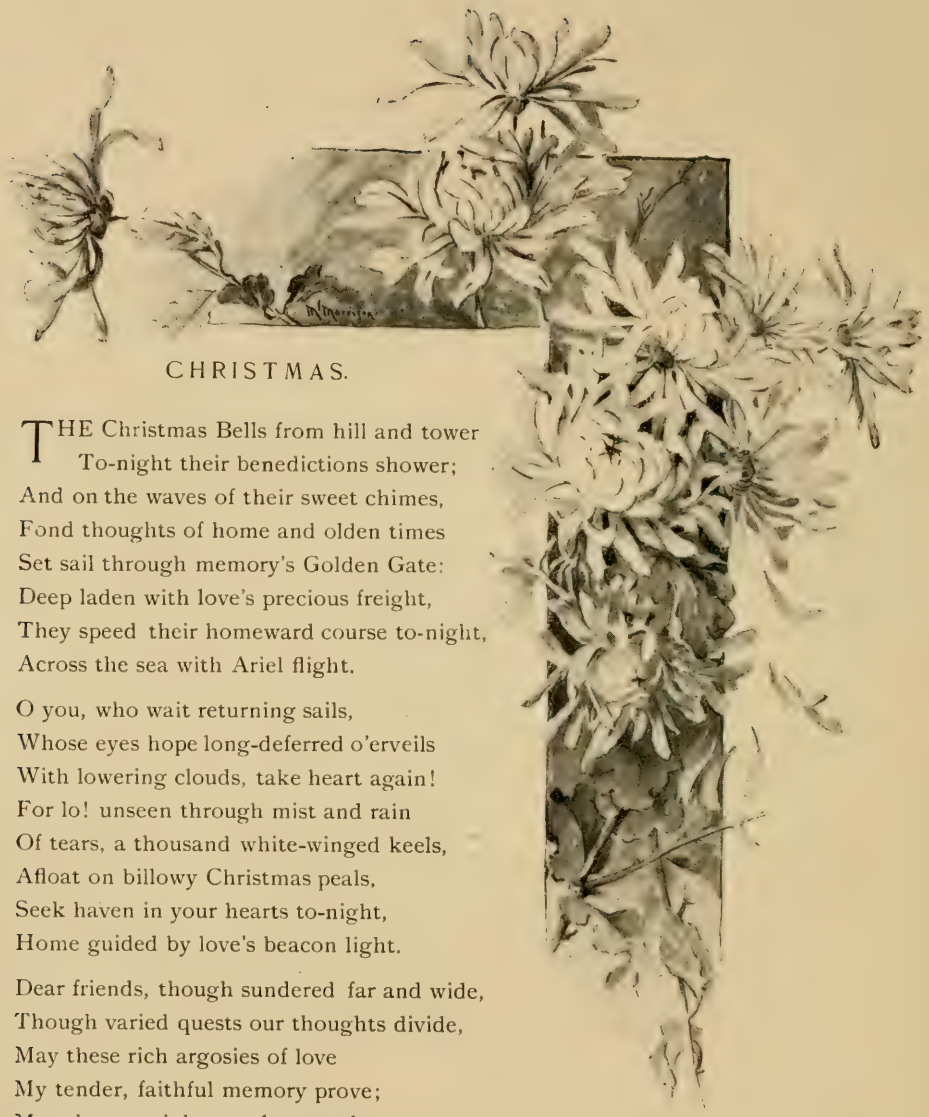
## THANKSGIVING.

RONDEAU.

WITHIN our hearts what happy mem'ries well
To-day, and a new thankfulness compel!
The bygone years return with only their
Remembered tenderness, and, unaware
Of age and change, the old-time love retell.

But while we feast, we cannot quite dispel
Regret for lost ones whom we love so well.
Yet why thus grieve? There is no vacant chair
Within our hearts.

Ah! friends, does not this constant love foretell
Of future greeting for each last farewell?
Even to-day we tread the Heavenly stair,
And now their Immortality we share,
If our belovéd ones thus ever dwell
Within our hearts.



## CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas Bells from hill and tower
To-night their benedictions shower;
And on the waves of their sweet chimes,
Fond thoughts of home and olden times
Set sail through memory's Golden Gate:
Deep laden with love's precious freight,
They speed their homeward course to-night,
Across the sea with Ariel flight.

O you, who wait returning sails,
Whose eyes hope long-deferred o'erveils
With lowering clouds, take heart again!
For lo! unseen through mist and rain
Of tears, a thousand white-winged keels,
Afloat on billowy Christmas peals,
Seek haven in your hearts to-night,
Home guided by love's beacon light.

Dear friends, though sundered far and wide,
Though varied quests our thoughts divide,
May these rich argosies of love
My tender, faithful memory prove;
May they to-night new love awake,
And in this festal season make
Your hearts forget the old farewells,
In greetings brought by Christmas Bells.

## EVENTIDE.

RONDEAU.

"AT eventide there shall be light."
Why should I ever fear the night?
God's love and constant care attest,
He will not suffer me, His guest,
To thread the dark without a light.

The light of life is Love; and quite
Content am I, if but Love might
Be near, when I lie down to rest,
At eventide.

And Love, if we but read aright,
Is God, who is the Light of Light.
What fear have I from Love's behest,
When Love through life hath made me blest?
That Love, I trust will be my light,
At eventide.

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